CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. IV. Contents for June, 1908 No. 2.

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Illustrating "Miss Calgary"

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Issued Monthly. Subscriptions: { Canada and Great Britain $1.00 a year, single copy 10 cents
{ United States $1.50 a year, single copy 15 cents

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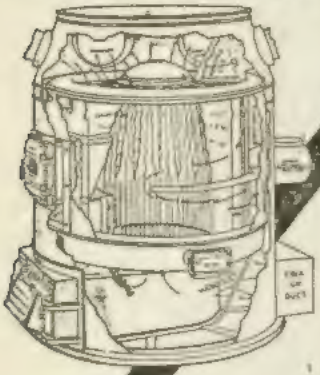

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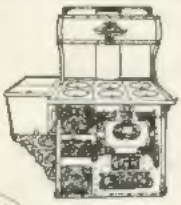

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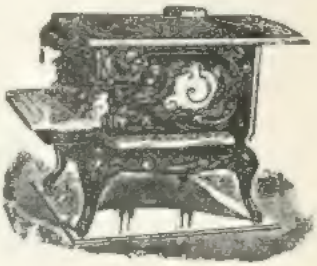

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Champlain

NOT so with him, who passed Tadousac grim,
And all untended left bleak Saguenay
To fix his eyrie high in morn's bright ray,
Where far below the river deep and dim
Ran to the sea; but first it brought to him
Glad tidings of an empire, dark and vast,
Of mighty waters, that for ages past
Flowed full of scaly monsters to the brim,
And on their bosom bore the Algonquin
And Huron, thirsting for each other's blood;
Who, with too well laid plans essayed to win
The white man's aid against the white man's good,
With seeds of empire sowed the deadly blight
That killed the plant, ere it had seen the light.

Thomas C. Robson

Then he cuises them and calls them beasts and swine

The Man Who would be Prophet—See page 726

CANADA WEST

VOLUME IV. JUNE, 1908 NUMBER 2

MORE SONNETS OF AN OFFICE BOY

By Samuel Elsworth Kiser

Author of "Ballads of Busy Days," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY FLORENCE PRETZ

I sometimes think love ne'er is so intense
As when the boy, too young to have good sense,
Adores her who might almost be his ma,
And cares not whither, why, nor how, nor whence.
Omar Yumyum.

I.

The new typewriter lady's came; she's got
The chorus girls all beat a mile or two;
Her eyes are big and kind of soft and blue;
Before she smiled at me I never thought
That life could be so pleasant; every spot
She touches seems to brighten up; I knew
The minute I first seen her I was due
To fill up with the gladness that she brought.

She shows a lot of class, all right, all right,
Her shape is lovely and she's got the style;
I feel all kind of tickleish and light
Around the heart when she looks up to smile;
Gee, but the world would get to seemin' bright
If I could only chew her gum a while!

II.

The day before she came I thought I'd quit
Because they wouldn't let me have a raise;
I'm glad now that I didn't go; it pays
Sometimes to think again and wait a bit.
If I would know a place where I could git
Twice what I'm gittin' here and holidays,
Without no lyin', when the home team plays,
I wonder if you think I'd take it? Nit!

I wouldn't jump this job while she is here,
Because some morning mebby there might be
An earthquake come and then, all filled with fear,
The boss and clerk would run, and when she'd see
That I was not a-scared, but lingered near,
She might be glad to snuggle close to me.

III.

Oh, if you only knowed how much I like
To stand here, when the "old man" ain't around,
And watch your soft, white fingers while you pound
Away at them there keys! Each time you strike
It almost seems to me as though you'd found
Some way, while writin' letters, how to play
Sweet music on that thing, becaus' the sound
Is something I could listen to all day.

You're twenty-five or six and I'm fourteen,
And you don't hardly ever notice me—
But when you do, you call me Willie! Gee,
I wisht I'd bundles of the old green long
And could be twenty-eight or nine or so,
And something happened to your other beau.

IV.

I wish that when I was a baby they
Had changed me, like they do in books, and now
The nurse would come and weep and tell them how
She'd kept my lace-trimmed dresses hid away,
And I would be a count or duke some day,
And then the poor old nurse would raise a row
And weep and take on awful till I made a vow
To have her for my slave and let her stay.

DRAWN BY FLORENCE PRETZ

THAT I WAS NOT A-SCARED, BUT LINGERED NEAR,
SHE MIGHT BE GLAD TO SNUGGLE CLOSE TO ME

Oh, wouldn't my sweet darling love me then!
She'd get to thinkin' I was grand and brave,
And never want to look at other men,
No matter hardly how I would behave,
And she'd be mine as soon as I'd say when,
Although I'd not be old enough to shave.

V.

I've got a little hairpin that she wore;
One day she took it out and scratched her head
Until I guess it must of nearly bled,
And then I seen her drop it on the floor;
I've got a place next to my heart that's sore
Where I have had it fastened with a thread,
And every night I put it in my bed—
I wish that some time she would drop some more

It seems to me when she looks in my eyes
That everything goes round and round and round,
And I can feel my heart begin to rise,
And get up in my throat, almost, and pound,
And if she gives a little smile or sighs
My feet get light and hardly touch the ground.

VI.

I heard the old man scolding yesterday
Because your spellin' didn't suit him quite;
He said you'd better go to school at night,
And you was rattled when he turned away;
You had to tear the letter up and write
It all again, and when nobody seen
I went and dented in his hat for spite:
That's what he got for treatin' you so mean.

I wish that you typewrote for me and we
Was far off on an island, all alone;
I'd fix a place up under some nice tree,
And every time your fingers struck a key
I'd grab your hands and hold them in my own,
And any way you spelt would do for me.

DRAWN BY FLORENCE PRETZ

I WENT AND DENTED IN HIS HAT FOR SPITE
THAT'S WHAT HE GOT FOR TREATIN' YOU SO MEAN

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE PROPHET

BY EDWIN BALMER

Author of "By Wireless" etc.

DRAWING BY C. H. DROGKAMP (SEE FRONTISPIECE)

FOOL all, part the time; part, all the time; but not all, all the time.

The Law, as quoted, lays down a fair conduct for life and saves many from working for a living.

The beginning of everything was upon the road which runs near the Bridewell. There had been a difficulty with the expense account which necessitated travelling, not in cab which is only half as dear as automobile, but in cable-car which is awful indeed. A break-down in cable-car is quite as routine as in automobile but can never be fashionable; moreover the population misses by a shade or two the nicety of really refined gasoline.

My particular cable-car, however, was so comparatively deserted that I had quite one strap to myself till a huge gentlemen clamped hands and feet over mine and—following the custom in Chicago cable-cars—passed a word for Municipal Ownership. He called himself a Journalist like myself only careless to the point of criminal liability in using the advertising rather than the news columns for his Representations. He talked of South American plantations, flesh-reducers and mail-order diagnosis enthusiastically; of difficulties with the Board of Health and exclusion from the mails, darkly.

"If men like me had the run of things, it isn't the Fourth but the First Estate we'd make it," he volunteered. And as I fastened my watch to both key chains, I was inclined to agree with him.

"Did you say you were getting back down-town soon?" he asked.

"As soon as I can get a car," I replied.

"Do you think you can make it by night?" he said. "I *must* get word to him then. Mine is urgent business. It's this way. I didn't expect him till the twenty-ninth, but this time he got ten days off for good conduct. That means he'll be at the Magnolius Hotel to-night.

"The name?" said I.

"How should *I* know? But he can't get an alias for his figure. He ain't more than five feet six and stout. He'll have heavy black hair but it won't have time to grow out much. But you'll know him. Just go up and say 'He's gone south for thirty days' and he'll tumble."

"But you?" I said.

"Oh I sold the Post Office Building to a man from down the state and like a d—d fool sold it to him again next time he came up. Could just as easy have sold him option on the auditorium or Masonic Temple or—or Lincoln Park; but got careless. Well; this is what comes of trying to turn over money too many times in the same place. But you'll give him my message?"

The Officer on the platform put a hand on his shoulder and I reflected. It promised "space." Space, in Chicago newspapers is five and six dollars a column only but I was riding in cable.

I had little difficulty in finding the room at the Magnolius that night.

"I'm from him," I announced through the cautious crack of the door. "I'm to tell you he had to go South for thirty days."

The door bounced angrily open now and I could see he was very rotund and his hair was thick though not yet grown out much.

"Gone South for thirty days?" he repeated. "Like him; just when I was getting ready to pull teeth by mail-order too. Did he say I was to bail him out? 'Cause I won't."

"He didn't," I said and dropped away.

Then I became respectable and paid at the Pressed Club, not my dues—for I was not a new member—nor even all the rest I owed, but still enough to rehabilitate my credit and my name once more appeared at the bottom of the slips. When a man has money, the only account he can't afford to pay is that of the Club, but when he hasn't it, the Pressed Club demands are the only ones he *can* afford to settle. It gives him a ready refuge where the talk is never sordid and even if he finds it advisable to bring thither creditors, met on the way, converse there is on too lofty a plane to ever become embarrassing. Moreover, if the creditor is too reminiscent, the Club furnishes excellent facilities for pleasantly and cheaply liquidating Liabilities.

This night two of these Liabilities had been with me but by ten o'clock I had them entirely liquidated and they had vanished. Two men in crash stood over me. The first said, "It's him;" the second, "So it is," I said, "It's not," with customary caution, but they smiled and mopped their foreheads. "We need a drink," said the taller of the two. He was the man I had met on the cable-car; there was no mistaking the clamp of his hand or the rotundity of the other, though now his hair had grown out amazingly all over. I was not pleased. Rehabilitation aforesaid was beginning to get shabby.

"Why?" I asked.

"You'll be interested," the tall one assured. "First let me introduce you proper to Brother Dan Dravie, that's him; and Poachey Cardigan, that's me. The less said about our profession the better for we've done everything in our time—and done time too, often enough. We've sold both sides of State Street from Van Buren to the river, the Post Office and City Hall and most of the public grounds—sold it all on easy payments to down state men and a few from Iowa; and we never even asked for the second installment. We've located gold mines and love, restored hair, affections and full figures all by mail order. We've done a lot more than the statute of limitations will make mentionable some day; but it's all played out. *Therefore* we're going to be prophets, Dan and I; we're going to be millionaire prophets."

"Prophets we'll be," confirmed Dravie.

"I understand perfectly," I said. "You shouldn't drink so many patent medicines. You must be more careful."

"Neither drunk nor careless," denied Dravie. "Prophets we'll be—what else is there for us. We've never been in any one place except jail long enough to get anything out of politics—though jail ain't a real handicap in Chicago. We haven't any capital; we haven't a cent—haven't even a bank reference We've played out every mere worldly graft We can't work and we can't work anything that isn't liable to be investigated these days. So there's nothing else open but the Heavenly graft. We're going to be prophets—the only question is which?"

"Which prophet?" I asked as I succumbed and signed the ticket.

"I mean what name," Cardigan explained. "We've got all the specifications."

With subdued pride he handed me a paper on which was written informally

"Contract—between me and you and you and me.

One. That me and you do this together—to be prophets and make 'em big

"Two. That me and you be prophets together, or me with you or you with me, helping or any other way as pays best, and that me and you will do anything, even up to doing as we should, to do this

"Three That me nor you shall not be prophet unto himself for more than

fifty per cent—whoever's prophet, me and you always getting half.

(Signed) Poachey Cardigan.
Dan Dravie."

"Now," said Cardigan, "the only question is who we want? A good man's half the prophet. And it has to be jointed—you can't have a mere single name in prophecy any more than you can in the English aristocracy."

"Don't you want to be original?" said I.

"Original?" put in Cardigan scornfully. "Did you ever see anybody original pay? The original prophets were dandies, weren't they? Never cleared a thing that I heard of. But when they come back! No *sir*! Original prophecy may have been all right in its time—but me for the modern prophet!"

"Most of the good names have been used—even for the second time," lamented Dravie. "Elisha and all the rest with the good pious sigh at the end."

"Why don't you be Manasha?" I suggested.

"Manasha sounds good," reflected Dravie slowly, "but Manasha the what? You've got to be the Reviver, the Restorer, the Recoverer, the Repairer or the Re-*something* to divert the invalid coin from Hot Springs!"

"How'll the Resusticator do?" I asked. "That's never been used, I believe."

"Fine," enthused Cardigan. "Manasha the Resusticator *and* Dan's hair ought to go together. If he's any kind of a Resusticator he'll come in mighty handy to himself to bring 'em through after he's done 'em."

"The Resusticator part's all right," agreed Dravie. "But where did you get Manasha?" suspiciously.

"Manasha's all right," I assured. "Got him from the encyclopedia. Look at those books over there Ma—Nasha Great name, eh?"

"From the outside of the Encyclopedia?" said Cardigan slowly. "But that's the way they name those crazy burlesque troops and fake cures."

"Well?" said I; and there was an appreciative pause.

"Then I've never been here before," objected Dravie after a moment. "I told you I didn't want to be original—with never a private car or Florida house to my back. I want to have been here before."

"Tell 'em you were then," said Cardigan contemptuously." "What have you got all that hair for if you can't carry off a little thing like that? Besides you won't have to waste any time now reading up to see what you were when you were here before. Great! You'll be the only prophet returned to earth never having been here before and all you do—"

"Who's going to be Manasha?" demanded Dravie, and Cardigan subsided.

"We needn't keep you up," Dravie said politely turning to me after a moment. "We want to look up a few things in these books here. So just sign another buffet slip, will you? No, don't bother to fill in the top—and we'll put back all the books we don't need." And I left them pouring over the books.

In a newspaper office events obliterate each other. A great person could not be found or could not be lost or developed, some other incapacity which demanded some thousands of ems per day. It was only at the end of the month when I wondered who had written in six Martinis and Manhattans over my signature, that I recalled my indiscretion at the Club.

I turned then to the profitable avocation of city newspaper men. As everyone knows, country newspapers pay illy for space but pictures require much space and little exertion. So, after buying the old sample stocks of small photographers we supply the rural press with scores of likenesses (seldom two alike) whenever anything happens to celebrities—and sometimes when we merely say something happens. The demand is heavy, but if celebrities refuse to warn us it is not our fault that a President's daughter or a Senator's wife appears blonde in Dakota, brunette in Iowa and redheaded in parts of Kansas. Then a not

entirely insignificant war springing up between the Russians and the Japanese, my attention was again distracted.

For some weeks I was unimpeded by fact or information and war extras flourished. Then an inconsiderate Associated Press correspondent, sending words at a couple of dollars apiece, began moving those fleets and armies whose annihilation had thrice brought out circulation well over the quarter million. I was regulated to the mechanical confirming of his despatches from Chefoo and adding the details.

It was a hot eventful night. I had myself to blame for most of the events. Before nine-thirty I had raised Port Arthur and sunk the entire Russian fleet. Of course I had done this before in the routine way. But this time I had confirmed the raising of the fort and the depression of the fleet from Pekin, Shanghai, Teinsin and from four other places I found on the map and to be absolutely sure of beating our rivals had heard heavy firing from two places besides not given on any atlas. Then I had denied it unofficially and officially from St. Petersburg and semi-officially also, quoting the semi-official *Novoe Vremya* which attributed the disasters of the entire war to the English and American Press. Tokyo had wired me its regular ominous but monotonous silence. The German Kaiser and five of his ministers—whose names I chose carefully from the Milwaukee directory—had cabled the paper that they would still persevere from interfering. Paris sent invigorated confidence that Rothschild's would still take Russian bonds. London now claimed the maritime preponderance in more aggravated form; Washington sent me the standing pledge more erect than ever—of its total abstinence from foreign trouble. Even from Boston I had not forgotten to elicit a loud call to the Hague. Repeated practice had made perfect at last, every detail which we did not have to save for a later extra, was there. Like sponge cake, after the kitchen door had been slammed, the world quivered and sank a little; then adjusted itself soggily to the shock and all was well—unless that careless correspondent in the East insisted again upon manœuvering with that fleet so recently abased

To be on the safe side I left

"Due to the well-known unreliability of information from Chinese sources (I knew; for had not my full dress shirt, promised for Friday, remained in the celestial tub till Saturday?) the dispatches printed in our regular edition, while there is every presumption that they are still correct, await further confirmation." And finally for any contingency overlooked, I left three distinct sets of Chefoo details which had not yet been used west of Pittsburg.

I sought the club as I had the night the year before. I could see little change it is not a place where you see much lying around. A different third of the membership was supporting the other two. In the billiard room, white's string was short five buttons instead of three; and after passing thirty-five, black could, with caution, now steal two points instead of one—that was all.

Into the chair beside mine and before the stand where my gin ricky cooled, there crawled a strange semblance of a man. In different places from his hair and clothing a gummy black substance formed a bas-relief and adhered to everything it touched. I had seen such a sight once before when a man had fallen down upon Jackson Boulevard while they were paving it; for everyone knows that Jackson Boulevard is asphalt; and asphalt is a diachylon pavement and most adhesive to fall into before it has cooled. But this man wore the paving alone; unmistakable signs of gravel were upon him—and Jackson Boulevard does not run along the lake shore.

"Can't you give me another drink?" he whispered as he put down my gin ricky. "For the sake of the prophet give me another drink."

"For the sake of the prophet?" I said. "What prophet?"

"Don't you know me?" he gasped.

"Not while you're wearing that Venezuela mixture," I said.

His hands felt instinctively for my watch; and as instinctively I snapped it to my key chains. I tried to remember where I had picked up that instinct, but for a moment I could not.

"I've come back," he repeated "And we was prophets—prophets and made 'em big." He seemed to be quoting. "Me and Dravie, what was Manasha the Resusticator; up-to-date millionaire prophets we was. Right here we settled it, you setting there and giving us drinks. I'm Poachey Cardigan and you—Oh Lordy, you've been lying around here ever since!"

"In reality only," I warned. "Constructively I've been lying in Seoul, Chemulpo, Vladivostok, Chefoo and a lot of other places. But never mind that. Where have you been?"

"It's true," said Cardigan with a dry suggestive gulp as he broke the straws "Prophets we was and made 'em big He divided fair and equal—or he was going to—50% and 50%, for he played *me* square And then he went and lost it all. O poor, poor Dan that never would take my advice though I begged him."

"Take the cocktail," I said with polite anachronism. "Tell me everything from beginning to end. You started out as Manasha the Resusticator; do you remember that?"

"I ain't drunk yet. Of course I remember. We started out early the next morning, we did, and Dravie was the Resusticator—he had the hair, and I was the clinic."

"The clinic?" I asked

"Sure; but don't interrupt me. He had the build—short and fat and honest looking. Even his face looked honest for you couldn't see it for the hair and somehow hair—even if it's false hair looks honest."

"He shaved just the top of his head; and combed the rest down so it met his beard and covered him up. Then he put on black robes and rolled me in the street and put sticking plaster all over me, though nothing's the matter and gives me a crutch, telling me to stay back and wait for the signal

'Down by the court house are about a thousand people getting personal injury damages from the city and street cars. He goes into the street and hollers but they think he's advertising a dental parlor and no one stops. He hollers louder and waves his arms, and some thinks he's advertising a new Garden and some Germans stop. Then he cusses them and calls them beasts and swine so that at last everybody knows he's a modern prophet and that's the modern introduction to salvation and they all stops. Then he tells them how he is Manasha the Resusticator, returned but arriving for the first time to resusticate the living yet dead and dead where life was and a lot more so that no one can understand it and they all take it in.

'Then he calls for them suffering from loathsome diseases because all disease is loathsome being of the spirit not the body the county hospital to the contrary notwithstanding—and therefore to be cured by a good talker. I comes up then and seeing me he calls out that I'm forgiven by Manasha and he tears off the plaster—which hurt like the D .l let me tell you—and rips off the sling and waves my crutch over his head

"Just then as he calls for more, some come out of the court house. They didn't dare throw off their splints and crutches yet, so Dravie rushes up to them, which have been paid their damages, and makes passes over them with his hands. He tells 'em he's forgiven them and they're well. Part of them, being sore tired of their bandages, tears them off; and he tears them off the rest; and they all cries out he's a great prophet—and he is, for they give him part of their damages to make sure he won't tell. Them that haven't got their damages yet, he pulls out of their chairs and cures them; and they have to say he's a great prophet too, though they don't want to

"But a man with really some[illegible] the matter comes along; and Dra[illegible] seeing him first, cries out that he f[illegible] a poor, diseased sinful brother drawing nigh who can't be healed [illegible]

lacks faith; and he's right, he *can't* be healed. So Manasha makes good there too. And then he begins talking about a town.

"I never heard of such a town—and I've read the booklets for the New Jersey resorts too. He built that town up like a railroad writer about a block-signal and a siding—and Dravie didn't even have the semaphore to go on. I couldn't see his lay till he began selling lots in that town; and then I knows he wasn't crazy.

"What did I do? I said, "Dan you old fool, you got a thousand dollars and half is mine by contract. Go and get decent drunk." But he wouldn't as he shouldn't but should later on as you'll see. Then "Where're you going, Dan?" says I.

"To the town," he says. "Our town."

"Come out of it," says I. "You put it pretty strong, but you didn't believe it yourself, Dan?"

"We caught 'em on the rise," he says talking like a broker and paying no attention to me. "But if we had a town—an exchange where we could margin this salvation business too, we could sell 'em short and catch 'em coming *and* going. We must have a town.'

"But you promised 'em that, Dan," says I. "That's what you took their money for—and are you going to *give* it to 'em?"

"I got to," he says but I could see it hurt him." Didn't we used to leave the pea under the shell the first times before we got anything big, Poachey? ' he says. And then I see he is all right but has bigger schemes than I know and follow on.

"We come to a little place in the country where a lot of crazy people were trying to get together on one religion. No two of them were alike except they were all dissatisfied and they're fighting but, when we finds them at the one meeting house trying to see who'd run it. And Dravie sees the reason they all disagree is that nobody's afraid of anybody else and they can all understand what each other say so they have the nerve to say it's not so. Then Dan puts on his robes and stalks in, not speaking to anybody when they speak to him but knocking over them in his way. Then he cusses them all around and gets 'em scared and talks for an hour and a half on things which they never heard of before and he didn't either and in words they don't understand and neither does he. Then all of a sudden he stops and leans over and says that maybe, if they give all to the service of the prophet which is him—he'll do what he can to save them. And they're so anxious to show they understand something he's said at last that they do it. But when the first man offered all he has, Dravie says "No;" and that takes 'em all back; and when the next man offered all he has, Dravie says "No;" and that gets them all worked up so that the leader offers him all they all have and finally they get Dravie to say "Yes," but reluctantly. And that was how we got our town where I was recorder of the Host and Prayer-master General, and a good graft it was with no one to look into the scandals of the department."

"Take another drink if you can and go on," I said. "How did you make it a good graft with those people?"

"It wasn't just them few," Cardigan said. "Dravie sent for them he sold the lots to, following his fool innovation of giving them what he sold; they all come and brought a pile more. He sold them lots and then he sold them all some more lots till we sold some twice over and some we didn't have like in the good old days. Poachy Cardigan—him that was Inspector of Righteousness—he couldn't see what more could be gotten; but he didn't have the modern prophetic vision. So Dravie wouldn't go and get drunk then, as he shouldn't, but should later on as he knows now.

'Ten per cent. of what they have, Dravie makes them give him clear; and the other ninety—how did we get that? It's shameful what they spend in tobacco, so he forbids it to 'em and they give the prophet the cost. What they spend on liquor is disgraceful,

so they have to stop that and give him the price. And that was better than selling them the liquor in monopoly as he thought first of doing because now we make one hundred instead of only ninety-five per cent. on the traffic. He discourages kissing and engagement rings—having no jewelry store—but advises adding the price of the diamond to the fee. When they build their houses, Dravie blesses them all on a sliding scale; but that don't pay anything like the profit on the material he sells them. And if we didn't get forty per cent. there, he credited me with more than my share which wasn't like him.

"Another forty we get after telling them the dignity of work and work for the love of working—which they pretty nearly did. And is there ten per cent. missed? We must have got that for we owned the stores and sold 'em everything. And Poachey Cardigan, he can't see what else we can get after getting one hundred per cent.; but he ain't the prophet. He says, "Now Dan, will you get out? If we get any more, it'll be tainted." But still he wouldn't as he should later on—but did not.

"Poachey Cardigan, he didn't have a prophetic insight; for after he thought he had everything, having only one hundred per cent., Dravie got 'em to give back everything—all the land he sold them and the houses they built on it. Even the Equitable never worked anything like that. So when I see them all paying rent—and shameful high rent it was—for their own houses, I was for leaving. As far as I saw, the people didn't have anything but prayings left. But Dravie remembered the old Pan-healer we used to run; so he has a lot of cure letters run off. They were prayer cure letters now but made up the old way—a lot printed off with the place for the name and disease left blank. Whenever anyone sends in a petition for a cure and ten dollars—you understand this was for the trade we couldn't reach personally so they had the ten—we filled in the names at the top and sent it back, which was better than the old days when we had to fill a bottle up with colored water and send that too.

"Then Poachey, he says, "Dan; ain't this the limit. Dan," I says, is there anything else?" And Dan says, "I've done 'em pretty thoroughly, haven't I?" I says, "Dan I mean it. With a wig and a Sunday School class to hide the baldness, you'd shame our Prominent Citizen. I don't see how Miss Tarbell overlooked you. Will you stop now?' ' But he only hesitated

"Poachey," he says. "I got nothing against you. Don't misunderstand me. I never see anyone better than you to get the goods when the graft is started. No, Poachey, in some way you do them better than me; but in other ways you can't help me the way I need. You don't originate half the new business you ought; you haven't the instinct. I have it pretty strong myself and it seems to me I've worked everything—yes, I've done about everything, I think, but operate for appendicitis. But you don't know how I feel fearing I may have missed something; and you can't help me. Poachey. I've got to have someone born and trained to it. I've got to have a politician."

"A politician?" says I. "What for?"

"An alderman, if I can get one," says Dan, "from Tammany Hall of the Philadelphia ring. I can't depend on you, Poachey. You haven't the instinct. But if one of them says there's nothing left to be worked"—

"But I stops him. "Dan," I says cautiously, fearing I don't know what, "Don't. There may be honor even between one of them and us; but don't! How are you going to get anybody to come anyway?" I says. "We haven't any street railways wanting franchises or a gas works wanting a charter; there's no water-works big enough to make it worth his while and we ain't going to put in a subway or drainage system. What'll he find in it? "I says again. "He won't come."

"I'll start him on a guarantee and then put him on a percentage basis," says Dan; and in spite of all I says, he

sent for the politician. Poor, poor Dan."

The lips wavered; but as I signed another slip and the steward hurried off suggestively, Cardigan went on.

"There was two of us—Dravie, what was prophet and Cardigan, that's me. But old Dan, though he was prophet comes running down the street.

"For Gord's sake, Dan," says I. "What's—"

"The Politician," he yells, "The politician. Poachey. On Poachey, Poachey; it's all my fault," he jerks out as he ran. "I wouldn't have sent for him as you asked but,—"

"But what, Dan?" says I.

"But I thought coming straight from New York or Philadelphia or New Jersey, his instinct couldn't fail to set him doing the people in any spot we overlooked. But Poachey—he's a reformer—a reformer."

"You mean, Dan," I yells, "You mean...?"

"I do, Poachey," says Dan. "He turned us out and broke us up. He's taken everything away from us and turned the people against us. But—but there's one comfort, Poachey," he says.

"What's that?" I says.

"We hadn't overlooked anything, Poachey. We must have gathered everything in that was at all loose and a good deal that was nailed down; for he couldn't see anything left for him to get except from us and so," says Dan, "he's getting it."

"You should have thought of that Dan," says I.

"How did I know he was a reformer?" says Dan and I couldn't say any more.

"The people were coming on close behind and we could hear them. "Listen," says Dan. "He's gone and destroyed the confidence of the people in me too. They used to think I was infallible and now—"

"Neither old prophet or new," they all yells. "If he's old style, he'd never have taken a cent; if new, he'd never have a cent taken from him. And they caught old Dan by the barber shop and shaved him. Pretty soon they begin to see who he was; and—you remember those statutes of Limitations I was telling about? Well;' they hadn't run out; poor, poor Dan. If he only got drunk any one of the times I told him to—they was often enough!"

He hiccoughed pitifully but I held the glass away. "And you—you? I said.

"There was a party along called Poachey Cardigan, wasn't there? They caught old Poachey up where they were putting gravel on a roof. They didn't have any feathers; so they put the regular roofing on him, with stone to cover the tar—and turned him out. Said he was a better prophet than Dravie because he did it without the hair. Say; have you ever walked a hundred miles with a shoe full of stones? Old Poachey, he was one big shoe full of stones all over. He walked and walked and all along the road Dan Dravie said "Don't get drunk yet, Poachey; it's big; it's big." And though he was tired, though he was powerful tired, never, never did Poachey put down the prophet. You knew Manasha the Prophet, didn't you, Sir? Look at him now."

He fumbled in a bag he carried and brought forth what looked like dirty excelsior; but as he straighened it out and it took form, I could see indeed the hair and beard of the prophet, shorn from him like a heavy fleece which holds the shape of the sheep. I shuddered; for lacking an eye or two which occasionally showed through, I recognized the companion of the man beside me.

"Yes," said the warden at Bridewell," he was brought here; but I sent him up to the infirmary. Is it true that he was without a drink for two hours this morning?"

"Unless somebody else paid for it," I said. "By any chance did he have anything about him?"

"Only a big lot of hair; he wouldn't give it up. Said there was a big profit in that kind of hair; a millionaire or a million profit, I think he said. I wonder what he meant."

And there the matter rests.

THE MODERN MAN AND THE GOSPEL

BY SHAILER MATHEWS

SECOND PAPER

FAITH in the New Testament is directed to men, God, and Je us. The act considered psychologically is the same in all three instances. The definition of faith is very easily framed, therefore. A man believes when he makes a conviction control his life; that is to say, when he acts as if something which he has not yet actually experienced were really a fact.

I.

Christian faith may be defined as the acceptance of Jesus as the Christ "We believe that thou art the Christ," said Peter, as the spokesman of the twelve, and this confession was repeated by every convert and disciple mentioned in the New Testament Jesus is the Christ: this was the first Christian creed. To be a Christian was to accept Jesus as the Messiah, the fulfiller of the Messianic hope, the King of Israel, the coming Judge, the great Deliverer

The disciples did not invent the Me sianic hope, they inherited it from their fathers. Jesus was the Christ to them, not because he did that which they expected the Christ would do, but because they expected him to do what the Christ was expected to do. Until after his resurrection their expectation and his own convictions were often far apart. The sons of Zebedee were hoping for limitless glory, Jesus was awaiting death. It is easy to see, therefore, how difficult a confession of faith in the Jesus as Christ before the resurrection must have been for men who had a distinct conception of Messiahship and who saw no elements of that conception in the life of Jesus. The zealots with their hope of revolution, the Pharisees with their transcendental unearthly kingdom of heaven, alike turned from the son of Joseph the carpenter. Indeed, the disciples saw in their Master the very opposite of what they expected the Christ to be. He was poor and oppressed, a wandering teacher, an outlawed critic of the law. He had done nothing that from their own or the later Jewish point of view would be called Messianic. The Christ was not supreme over the Gentiles, the Jewish nation had not become a theocratic empire, the awful judgment throne had not been set, their had been no resurrection of the dead, the wicked had not been punished, the kingdom had not come. Yet, when they came to ask themselves how they should describe their Master and in what capacity they should accept him, they were not satisfied to call him a prophet like Jeremiah or Elijah; they could only call him Christ. His very personality forced the confession. If he had not done Messianic work it was but a matter of time before he should take up his official career. He must be the Christ whose Messianic work of deliverance and conquest was yet to be undertaken

Similarly in the case of the early church. Jesus had died but death di l not prove him the Christ; the fact that he was the Christ gave value to his death. He had been raised from the dead, but until after that event no teacher had predicted such an act of the Christ, and it was necessary for Pete and the other apostles to reexamine the scriptures for prophesies

and to argue the rightfulness of that interpretation which makes the words of David refer to the Christ rather than to himself. The precisely Messianic work of Jesus was still in the future and formed the substance of the hope of the church. The Christ had appeared, had been killed, had risen from the grave, had returned to the right hand of God in heaven; thence he would soon come to judge the quick and the dead, to establish his kingdom, to gather his raised elect into the everlasting glories and joys of heaven.

But it would be a great mistake to think that such faith was simply an ascent to a definition. Faith meant much more than that; it meant action in accordance with this conviction. When one believed Jesus was the Christ he began to serve his Messianic king. Such a faith forced a man to abandon wrong ways of living, and to enter upon a good life. In a word, the moment he was really convinced that Jesus was the supernal creature of his expectations his life was changed; he was a new man in Christ Jesus. Let the persecuting Saul believe that Jesus is the Christ, and he becomes Paul the apostle. Convince the thousands at Pentecost that the Jesus their rulers had crucified is to be their judge, and they seek salvation from their deserved punishment through repentance Throughout the New Testament, this acceptance of Jesus as Christ, which is the first great element of Christian faith, leads to moral and religious regeneration.

Nor was its influence limited to these initial decisions. The longer one lived under the control of this belief, the more he shaped his life to his king's commands the more personal did his Lord appear, and the more convincing grew the experience born of his rule. The life which Paul lived by his faith in Jesus, he declared was the life of Jesus. Faith ceased to be a matter of propositions, and lead on to a genuine friendship. The unseen king was not a definition. The new life was religion conceived of in terms of loyalty and obedience.

II

The wealth of religious meaning here is apparent. The peculiar conception of Christ which was attached by the early Jews to Jesus as a definition and description was soon modified both by the facts of his own life and by the influences brought to bear upon it when Christianity passed out into the great world of Greek thought. But after all, there was no abandonment of the real essence of the old faith The test of a man's moral and religious worth was always his estimate of Jesus. The evil man fled the light; the good man sought it. The great men who built up what we know as orthodoxy never failed to see how vital to Christianity is the faith that consists in a definition of Jesus. To detract any element from one's conviction as to what Jesus is was always judged by them as indicating not only a perverted philosophy, but an unworthy life. And at bottom they were right. We would not for a moment say the definitions they formulated are final, or justify their fierce determination to force all men to apply the same attributes to Jesus, or to regulate all men's faith in him by the same philosophy, but we can see very plainly that they were right when they insisted that a man's religion and conduct must be determined by his elemental convictions; that the influence of the words and life of Jesus upon a man's life will vary according to that man's valuation of Jesus. To belittle him is to belittle his influence. To believe him to be the supreme teacher and the supreme revelation of God in human life is to beget within one's life new love of man and new trust in God. It is to find one's own life changing under the influence of this conviction, not only because the conviction itself has power, but because it brings to a man life with God

It is inconceivable that a modern man should accept Jesus as the sort of Christ Judaism expected or expects, but he may believe him the equivalent of that Christ. Deep down in every one's life, there is some sort of ideal as to what God is, and what the life

of God would be in human form. Really to be convinced that this idea is expressed in Jesus and to make his exposition of duty supreme in one's life—this is to-day's equivalent of the apostolic formula. As with them, so with us such a faith becomes a dominant conviction. We, too, try to keep Jesus' commandments because we, too, love him as something better and greater than prophet or teacher. With such a belief as to Jesus, that sacrifice for our fellows which before seemed so impracticable; that life of prayer which before seemed so futile, seem natural and attractive. With us as with the disciples this faith is the beginning of a better and a more God-like life.

Evangelists and pastors are right when they insist that the first step in a Christian life should be the acceptance of Jesus as Lord. Undoubtedly they sometimes attempt the impossible and endeavor to make the new convert believe something about Jesus which no-one except a Jew of the first century can understand, but religiously and psychologically, they are right. The confession which we would hear from more lives is to-day's [illegible] "Thou art—not the Jewish Christ, nor the Greek Christ, least of all the Pharisaic Christ—thou art the one great sovereign of my life." Such a confession may be very non-committal as to metaphysics, but it will be morally and religiously dynamic. To believe that Jesus is the Christ means nothing less than to attempt the sort of life he lived—the life of love and service and faith in the Father.

THE MASTER BUILDER

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD

LOVE builds on the azure sea,
And love builds on the golden sand;
And love builds on the rose-red cloud,
And sometimes love builds on the land.

O, if love build on sparkling sea,
And if love build on golden strand,
And if love build on rosy cloud,
To love these are the solid land.

O, love will build his lily walls,
And love his pearly roof will rear,
On cloud, or land, or mist, or sea,—
Love's solid land is everywhere!

A HERO OF LADYSMITH

BY ROBERT J. C STEAD

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWING BY VA-TIER L. BARNES

MISFORTUNES, they say, never come singly. It was at least provoking after driving a dozen miles out of my way on a hay trail, to beat a buggy-bush in my eagerness to make up for lost time. But the prairie lay dimpled with a thousand ponds of snow-cold water, mirroring the fleecy clouds of early May, and, splashing axle-deep into a lake of quicksilver, we awaited the cooling process. The minutes were hours as the outraged metal slowly released its grip, and the sun was low before we could proceed. When at last we were again under way darkness came on over-fast, a heavy mass of clouds banking the west, and we—my horse and I—were still far from our destination. The prairie trail, none too good in daylight, lay treacherous with badger-holes after dark, and my half-jaded nag made a virtue of caution. A dull glare began to shimmer in the western sky, and the prospect of being out in the first thunderstorm of the season was not enjoyable. Presently, through the hush in which the prairies lay brooding, came the sound of a lumber-wagon and the rattle of ox-chains. At least we were not to be alone in our experience, and my horse, sniffing company and perhaps a stable, needed no more urging. Then came the sound of singing—a strong, masculine voice:

"A contented mind is a blessing kind,
And a joyous heart is a purse well lined,
So what care I?
Let the world go by,
For it's better far to laugh than cry

"Our companionship will, at least, be jovial," thought I. And then, having overtaken the ox-team, I called, "Hello, Neighbor, how goes it?"

Although taken entirely unawares the man in the wagon looked back almost without surprise, certainly without alarm, and returned my salutation.

"Do you know where you are going?" I asked, the impudence of the question not occuring to me in my anxiety to escape the threatening storm

"No, but Buller does," was the confident reply, as I sat up aghast

"Buller always knows," went on my new acquaintance cheerily, "and if he were in doubt Lord Roberts would soon set him right. In a quarter of an hour we will storm the Modder River, and then, my lads, it's on to Ladysmith."

"A maniac," thought I "It's well the prairie's wide, and my horse, tired as he is, more than a match for yon lumbering oxen." But I was left no time for consideration, the genial madman continuing.

"The last time I was out with Buller he tried to run away, but Lord Roberts held him in. It's a long trail, though, and he's sober enough to-night"

A light, not of the approaching storm, was breaking. Seizing the cue, "What do you call your oxen?" I asked

"Why, Buller and Lord Roberts," he replied. "But of course he wouldn't know. And the Modder is the stream a mile or so ahead, and beyond the Modder is my farm, Ladysmith. You see," he added, shouting to be heard above the noise of our locomotion, "I was in South Africa, and somehow I can't forget the old boys and the old times, and it gives me a comradely feeling to have these familiar names about. But, may I ask, what is your destination to-night?"

"Ladysmith, with the permission of Sir George White," I answered. He

laughed, pleased that I had accepted his word-play, and said that all the hospitality of the beleaguered garrison would be mine

And so it came about that I spent the night—the first of many—in the bachelor dome of the English settler. A little box of a place, a few feet square, with walls of a single thickness of inch lumber, covered with tar paper, a roof of boards bent to a segment of a circle, and the dry earth for a floor; yet, as I soon came to know, it contained a human treasure such as men may discover once in a great while. The shanty was small and bare, the food course and plain, but the soul of the place atoned for all No disposition, however gloomy, could long withstand the magical influence of the "contented mind" that owned these four walls as home It was not what he said, he talked but little; nor what he did, he was not energetic; but when he sat in the summer twilight to the twanging of his guitar, or lying on the straw bed together we heard the honk of the wild goose in its midnight flight, I knew that I was receiving more than I gave. My duties that summer earned me frequently by Ladysmith, and I came to regard the place as a welcome haven in the great sea of prairie. An English paper and a pouch of English tobacco were the unasked but welcome price I paid for lodging and mental refreshment. I think, in the loneliness of his prairie life he came to regard me as in a special way his friend, although the reserve of his race forbade any such sentiment receiving expression in speech With his inborn love of sport, no matter how the work of a farm might suffer, my appearance on the horizon was the signal for a holiday, a tramp by the sloughs and duck ponds, and a night in the rushes in ambush for the unsuspecting crane. Many a night had we sat, whispering in the buffalo-grass, as the sloughs sent their treening incense skyward, while the darkness closed down until only the white line of water was visible, and the croaking of multitudinous and boisterous frogs filled the air with a wondrous charm of a new land. Then came the swish of great wings, and soon the silent waders were dabbling in the water. Tense with excitement we sat, our guns cocked, our breath bated in that strange human ecstasy of killing, until presently their great lanky forms and lump-like bodies showed black against the sheen of water. One—two—three—four of them waded up, unscenting danger, to [illegible] down. A moment we waited; they were changing their formation. Suddenly, like the spoke of a wheel, they swung into line, and before I could raise my weapon my companion had fired both barrels. There was a great splash in the water, and the air was filled up with the flap of wings. We rushed into the water, laughing, excited, and captured our floundering victims ere they could hide in the grass. When they were laid on the bank we found there were four.

"I should not have enjoyed being a Boer, if that is the way you shoot," I said, as we started shanty-ward, loaded down with game.

"Ah, but when one is hunting cranes he shoots to kill," returned my companion.

"And is it not so in war?" I asked.

"Not always. Not generally. See here, you don't want to kill me, do you?"

"Why, no," I exclaimed in surprise, "why should I?"

"That's just it, why should you? And why should I want to kill a Boer, or a Boer to kill me? Or any one nationality to kill another? It's not until outrages commence, and the fighting blood is up, that men really want to kill. For weeks I fired at random, until one day my chums brains were spattered in my face—then I shot to kill. But as a rule you shoot the other fellow for fear he shoots you. Men who go to battle are counted brav but I tell you as a general rule fear is at the bottom of warfare. Because [illegible] fear your enemy you try to kill h[illegible] because the nation fears another [illegible] it tries to subdue it."

I had struck a new vein in my [illegible] osopher, and remained silent until he continued

V L BARNES - 08

"You have noticed that the boys from South Africa seldom mention their experiences there. The country is full of men who have carried arms and say nothing about it. It's because it made them sick. I'm sick of it now, although it was six years ago. . . . Yet they would be up again at the first call of the bugle. Many a night, as I lie in wait by the duck-ponds I think of the veldt, and a deadly fascination holds me there, crouched behind a willow clump, or pacing, pacing, until the east is grey.

The rising moon, floating from behind a cloud, sent a flood of silver light across the prairie. I caught my companion off his guard; his face was drawn, pale, and set.

"You need company," I said. "The prairies are too vast—too great—to encounter alone. A man with a soul gets overcharged in this country unless he is constantly at work, or in contact with others. You need company - a good wife I should say."

We were now at the shanty. "A fine place for her," he said, with a laugh. But it was not *his* laugh.

We started a fire, for our clothes were wet. Then we had pancakes, coffee, and dried apples, with great chunks of bread and butter. I had thought to go to bed, but from the recesses of a huge box my host produced a huge volume of poems. For an hour, in his clear subdued voice modulated in perfect accord with his theme, he read from Enoch Arden, as I wondered what could be the great sacrifice of this genial, uncomplaining man that found its expression in the poets' beautiful words. At length he closed his volume and sat staring at a few wood coals in the grate. Strange pictures were in those dying embers, I knew -pictures, mayhap, of laughing eyes and waving hair and girlish form divinely fair.

But he must not have too much of it. 'Come, let us go to bed," I said, "and don't spend so much of your time by the [illegible]."

It was a full month before I again passed that way. Buller and Lord Roberts were grazing on the banks of the Modder, but their master did not appear to extend his customary salutation. This surprised me the more, as it was forenoon, when he was always to be found about. Hurrying up to the shanty, with a sinister foreboding of evil, I shoved through the half-open door. By contrast with the bright morning sun the place was dark, and it was a moment before I could accustom myself to the dim light. But a faint voice spoke my name, and in the corner of the little building, on the bed of straw covered with a course mat of burlap, lay my hero of Ladysmith. His face was flushed with the ravages of sudden fever, and his strong frame, muscular still in its weakness, lay helpless before me. I bent over, with a whispered inquiry in his ear. "Enteric," he calmly answered.

"Nonsense," said I, "there's no enteric in this country."

"Not for you native-born, but the disease is in me. I have known it before I knew."

It was idle to argue with him. "You've been lying out by the duck-ponds again," I said. He nodded. "Took your advice in one thing, but not in both, and now it's too late for either. But it's alright, now you're here."

I tried to tell him that he would soon be about again, but he shook his head. "Only a little longer," he said. I thought of getting a doctor, but to leave him alone seemed inhuman. The nearest neighbor was ten miles away, and the nearest doctor sixty, and the Visitor might come in my absence. He seemed to read my thoughts. "It's no use," he said. "Doctors can do nothing. It would be kind of you to stay. It won't be long."

I sat beside him, distressed and perplexed. His eyes rested on the box from which he had taken the poems, and he motioned me to it. "Down at the bottom," he said, "between two copies of Chums." I followed his directions, and at length produced a photograph, wrapped in tissue-paper. I unfolded it and caught a glimpse of a girl in white, when I remembered that I was in my friend's holy of holies, and this view was not for me. I passed

to him. His eyes feasted on the picture for a moment; then it suddenly dropped on his face and his whole being shook with sobs. . .

Soon he was himself again. "I sent for her," he said, "when you told me I needed her here. I had tried to do without—to spare her the hardship—but I broke down. I had vowed not to look on her photograph until I could see her in the flesh, but now—now it's all over. She will be here, and I shall be—gone."

After another pause he continued: "She should arrive in another week. You have been a good friend to me—one more favor to a dying man. Meet her at the station and send her home again, and tell her—tell her—"

"I will tell her you lived a man—and died a man," I answered. His face over which the ominous grey was falling, lit up with a seraphic joy. He seized my hand, with a wondrous strength in his bony fingers.

"By Jove," he said, "*By Jove!*"

In a little while his lips moved again. I leaned over the smiling face and could just catch the refrain:

"A contented mind is a blessing kind,
And a joyous heart is a purse well lined."

Then my ears failed me, and the man who had shared earth's adversity without a murmur carried his song of content into eternity.

THE HOUSE OF THE TREES

AGNES ETHELWYN WETHERALD

OPEN your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Wash me clean of dust and din,
Clothe me in your mood.

Take me from the noisy light
To the sunless peace,
Where at midday standeth night
Signing Toils release.

All your dusky twilight stores
To my senses give;
Take me in and lock the doors,
Show me how to live.

Lift your leafy roof for me,
Part your yielding walls,
Let me wander lingeringly
Through your scented halls.

Open your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Take me—make me next of kin
To your leafy brood.

CALGARY HOSTESS

BY W. J. GRIGG

CALGARY—At home—June twenty-ninth to July ninth. The young city of the foothills is to make her bow to society, and has issued invitations for her "coming out" party. With true Western lavishness she is preparing for her guests r.. entertainment—The Dominion Ex hibition.

The Dominion Government has, for the past five years, made an annual grant of fifty thousand dollars to be used for the purpose of holding a Dominion Exhibition in some one of the Provinces. These exhibitions have been held in Toronto, Ontario, Winnipeg, Manitoba, New Westminster, British Columbia, Halifax, Nova Scotia and Sherbrooke, Quebec.

The Dominion Exhibition which will be held in Calgary this year promises to eclipse all previous records. The exhibits will be larger in number, and greater in variety; the attractions the latest and most up-to-date devised for the entertainment of the people, and the district exhibit feature will surpass in extent and variety anything of its kind ever gathered together, while the race meet connected with and a part of the Exhibition programme will number amongst its events competitions between the best equine blood on the continent.

It will be of special interest because of the city and the district in which it is to be held. The eyes of the world today are upon "The last great west." No part of that much talked of country excels Alberta in uniqueness and richness.

Alberta is in many ways one of the most interesting provinces in the Canadian Confederation. The Dominion Exhibition offers an opportunity to see it before the picturesque and fascinating Western life of which it has for many years been peculiarly the scene is forced to take its last stand in the foothills by the energetic wheat farmers. At present, nowhere on the continent, be it on the untamed prairie or in the rapidly building towns, can there be found so much of the spirit of the west, can there be seen such contrasts: the life of the foothills in its freedom and picturesqueness, its peculiar fascinations and hardship, and the life of eastern civilization. The latter is rapidly crowding back the conditions of yesterday, and it will be but a few short years ere one will see in the land of the foothills and the ranges—not a reduplication of the east to be sure, but certainly also not the unmatched attractiveness of today. Eastern civilization poured upon western liberty and lack of convention will produce a peculiar western civilization. And because it will be civilization, because the cowboy must wear trousers, not chaps, on the streets of its cities, and Blackfoot and Stony must discard the blanket, it will cease to be picturesque. So the visitors to the Dominion Exhibition this year will feel that they are availing themselves of an opportunity to see something that is unique and something that will not last. When Alberta has another Dominion Exhibition ten or twenty years hence, the seeker after the unusual and primitive will have to hunt into the hidden nooks in the fastnesses of the mountains

Calgary itself, the Exhibition city, is growing out of all recognition. Yesterday, a cow-town; today a city of 22,000 souls, where Indians and English noblemen, cow-boys and American capitalists rub elbows in the crowd that is reflected in the plate glass windows that line the main street;

From which the H[illegible] M[illegible] C[illegible] was [illegible]

1907. Meantime the Board proceeded to get the grounds and buildings in readiness. Sherbrooke secured the grant for 1907, and when that fact was decided, the Government was urged to make the grant to the Province of Alberta for 1908. In October last, President Van Wart and Manager Richardson went to Ottawa and successfully laid Alberta's claims before the Government. That the action of the Government in making the grant for Alberta, and the efforts of the officers of the Calgary Exhibition in securing it, both meet with public [illegible] is attested by the many [illegible] of congratulation and encouragement which have been received.

The securing of the Dominion Government Grant which must be utilized for [illegible] maintaining [illegible] exhibits;" [illegible] freight rates for exhibits from various parts of the Dominion," and "advertising outside of the Province," was but the nearest preliminary toward financing the exhibition as a whole. Province, city and individuals rose to the occasion nobly. The Province granted $25,000, the city $33,000, and the citizens of Calgary made up the sum total to $140,000.

Already the management possessed beautiful, centrally located grounds, and seventeen buildings. The grounds occupy ninety three acres on the bank of the Elbow River. From the grandstand, which seats over 5,000 persons, there is a beautiful view across the half-mile track, up the river valley to the serrated peaks of the Rockies. In the clear summer sunlight the mountains appear to be within reach of a good walker's afternoon tramp. In reality they are eighty miles away! Besides enlarging the grandstand, fifteen new buildings

to-morrow but who has the second sight of the Scotch seer that he may prophecy?

The people of Calgary have demonstrated that they possess something of the power. Their foresight has led them to build homes, banks, stores and warehouses that will be ornaments and useful parts of a great city. Permanency is their slogan.

For permanency, a new water system capable of indefinite expansion, has just been installed at a cost of half a million dollars. The first steps have been taken towards a street railway system, municipally owned, and a City Hall, fit for a city four times the size, is being built. The expectation of great things is not confined to the city itself. The railroads are giving the surest proof of their confidence—spending money. The Canadian Pacific is just finishing a $30,000 station. The two other transcontinentals are building new lines into Calgary.

The visitor to the Dominion Exhibition need not fear that he will be subject to inconvenience and discomfort. He will see the last of the "wild and woolly." He will live in Eastern comfort and be entertained with Western hospitality.

It has cost Calgary much in effort and in money to provide this entertainment. In the fall of 1905 the management of the Calgary Exhibition, feeling that the Province of Alberta had especial claims on the Dominion Exhibition, decided to make arrangements with the view of holding the Dominion Exhibition in this city in

have been erected at a cost of $50,000. The various exhibits will be well housed.

The exhibits themselves are to be unusually interesting From the Governments of the Western Province and various districts, are coming complete exhibits of products and resources that will be enlightening to the visitor from the east and the States Manufacturers from all over the country have engaged space that occupies several spacious buildings, and will spend large sums in prefecting their exhibits. Especially characteristic of Calgary will be the blooded and fat cattle show. Calgary is the home of the largest purebred cattle auction sale in the world, and breeders from all over the country are entering their animals, eager to compete with the famous cattle of Southern Alberta

Amusements there will be for all tastes For the children, side shows of all sorts, from the traditional "Punch and Judy" and merry-go-round to the latest invention of the electric expert. For the grown-ups, races, airships and wild west show. For all, the music of the bands. There will be a number of bands headed by the Iowa State Band, the 15th Light Horse Band of Calgary, and the famous "Kiltie" band of the 91st Highlanders of Hamilton.

The delight in fine horse flesh is almost universal. The large sum offered in prizes has brought the entry of a field for the Exhibition races which will be watched with enthusiasm from the commodious grandstand. But the blooded horses will have strong rivals in the Indians and cow-boys. From the several hundred Indians who are to camp on the grounds the best runners will be drawn for typical races. All the old sports of the cow-boys, and the much older ones of the Indians, will be revived for the benefit of the guests.

The Exhibition will be officially opened by the Hon. Sydney Fisher Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa, and many prominent Canadians will be present. Each day will see special features The American Association of Calgary is enthusiastic over the event, and the members have personally undertaken special attractions for the entertainment of their friends from across the line. A large excursion will be run from Spokane for the Fourth of July. But Dominion Day will be the great event of the season. The Canadian Club is interesting itself and has raised a special fund by private contribution for an historical pageant. The tableaux will give comprehensive and picturesque review of the history of Alberta from the days of the red man's royal buffalo hunts to the driving out of the range cattle by the reaper

To see all this, the educative exhibits, the picturesque life and the fun, will not be expensive. From as far east as New Brunswick the round trip, good for two months, will be only $40 50 The remaining weeks of the eight will be all too short to take the side trips about Calgary. There is Banff, the incomparable, three hours away in the heart of the Rockies. It is a health resort of world wide reputation, and the center of numberless beauties. To the westward are Field, Laggan and Glacier, each with its peculiar attractions. The Kootenay Country and the valley of the Columbia are both within easy distance. A trip around the circle, over the Crow's Nest, through the Arrow Lakes, and back by way of

SOME OF THE OLD STABLES
to which seven large new ones have been added for the Dominion Exhibition

Glacier and Banff would cram a fortnight with delight

Close at hand, within driving distance of Calgary itself, are many sights that will be of interest to the business man and practical farmer. His wife, too, will enjoy the rides over the springy prairie roads in the bright clear air.

To the farmer, the Canadian Pacific's irrigation ditch and the wonderful crops it waters will be a revelation. Three million acres are being brought under irrigation and already a large block is occupied and under crop. The visitors will see sugar beets exceeding the best Minnesota beets in purity and the best from California in sweetness; cabbages, any one of which is a load for a wheel-barrow; cattle which have just taken the blue ribbons at the Calgary Show; and above all wheat fields that yield forty bushels to the acre. Prosperous little towns are scattered along the railroad. If the real estate man has not already succumbed to the attractions of Calgary, Gleichen and its sisters will lay compelling hands on him.

The business man will wish to visit the coal mines at Bankhead where foothills and mountains meet. The falls of the Bow River where an immense electrical power is being developed in the midst of a picturesque canon will interest both the engineer and his daughter. The tall chimneys of the factory district will hold the manufacturer in the city after the Exhibition is over. We will wish to visit the Portland Cement works; the breweries; the abbatoir which furnishes west to the huge tributary district; the soap factory which has quadrupled itself in four years and the big concrete built mill that is run by the finest producer gas engine in Canada and exports its flour to China and Japan, not to mention the saddlery, lumber mill, etc., etc. Calgary not only ships cattle and wheat and imports necessities for her farms and ranches; she makes things.

OLD GRANDSTAND
which has been enlarged to a seating capacity of 4,500

But if thousands of us go to the Dominion Exhibition; where will we lay our heads? Doubtless you have heard of "an Indian rubber house," Calgary's rubber house is stone. A paradox, but true. Calgary has five beautiful public schools and the Provincial Normal School, all built of the sandstone for which the town is noted. These buildings are to be turned into hotels with rooms partitioned and furnished for hundreds. The militia tents are to be pitched on the lawns to provide for private citizens"

overflow guests at the competent staff will have charge of the accommodation of visitors.

The Miss Calgary will entertain [illegible] will be done as soon as possible [illegible] The house has been enlarged [illegible] the best of music and refreshments provided and the country [illegible] for entertaining. A [illegible] will be a busy [illegible]

BANDMASTER STARES
of the 91st Highlanders Band, Hamilton

SOVEREIGN MOMENTS

BY MATTHEW KNIGHT

LIFE has two sovereign moments;
One when we settle down
To some life-worthy purpose.—
One when we grasp the crown.

A SPRING ROMANCE

BY T. G. MARQUIS

Author of "Marguerite de Roberval."

APRIL was rapidly drawing to a close, and the last traces of winter had left the hills and the valleys. The delicious odor of the steaming soil was blowing across the fields into the dusty town. It was impossible to resist this invitation to go out and enjoy the sweetness of the woodland stretches. The robins were out in full chorus, piping away with the richness and melody that is heard in their voices only in the spring; the song-sparrow, too, had been vigorously singing his sweetly-plaintive little song for a month or more; and the harsh-noted blackbird, the richly shrill meadow lark, and several other well-known birds were welcoming swift-footed Spring from the fences, the fields, and the groves. A flock of pert, saucy, handsome cedar birds flashed by me with a little pipe that seemed to say, "We're back!" I had no cherries that I was anxious to guard, and so I was able to say truthfully "Welcome! I'm glad of it."

But the bare trees, and particularly the tall, stalwart oaks, standing in awful nakedness, had a depressing effect that was not to be removed even by the starlike hepatica that carpeted the earth and sprang up everywhere through the dead leaves. I longed for May, with its soft rustling of tender leaves, with its full dower of spring blossoms, and its full chorus of spring songs, -for the notes of the thrush, the warblers, and the catbirds; and above all I wanted to hear the vigorous hammer of my old friend the golden-winged woodpecker. The woods seemed a wilderness without him, and if he were only here I felt that I would have no doubt about the nearness of summer. Just as I thought this my feet stirred noisily a clump of dead leaves, and a few yards in front of me a bird sprang from the ground and flew rapidly away, with a sturdy flight that told me at once that my favorite had come back.

He had been at his old trick. Too gay a bird to chisel his food out of the hard trunks of the trees as his plainer brethren delight in doing, he had been pecking away at the ground for insects and worms. But how he got his food did not trouble me; I was delighted to see him again, and never let my eyes leave him till I saw him alight on a bare limb a hundred yards away.

I was apparently the first human enemy he had spied since his return, and his curiosity compelled him to stop and survey me. When he saw I was without a gun he seemed to nod his head knowingly towards me, and invite me to come near, either to admire his beauty or to give him a chance to inspect me. I was soon standing on a little mound a few yards from him, admiring his every marking from the rich yellow of the wings to the glossy beauty of the black cravat in the shape of a crescent that adorns his throat, and the spots that ornament his vest. After he thought I had had a sufficiently long front view he turned on the limb, and threw his head back as much as to say "What do you think of my scarlet neck-ornament?" and then saucily flew away to look for his supper, while I trudged back over the newly ploughed fields, with a keener appetite for my dinner than I had had since the previous autumn.

My woodpecker had evidently found a good field for his life's work,—the search for food; and as I had for several years been anxious to get a glimpse

of the inside of a golden-winged's nest, I determined to make an effort to find out where he intended to locate. So every spare hour I had I hurried to the wood to loaf, to get the cobwebs washed from my brain by the pure freshness of the spring air, and to botanize. I saw my bird on nearly every occasion and as he was always alone I began to feel quite melancholy about him,—thinking that perhaps he had lost his mate on the way to Canada, or that she had sent him ahead to select an abode, and had forgotten where she had sent him, and was now aimlessly wandering round a distant wood. He, too, seemed to have formed his own opinion of me, and looked at me as much as to say that he considered me a harmless creature, not capable of enjoying anything so substantial as a worm or an ant, but content to live on hepatica, violets, and trilliums. He came to pay but little attention to me, and would allow me to approach within two or three yards before he would scurry away to a limb where he could consider if I was as harmless as I looked.

But I was after his abode, and this I was not likely to discover. However one night the moon tempted me to stay out till after sundown, and just at dark I saw him fly into a hollow tree. I marked the spot, and decided on the morrow to look into his housekeeping qualities. On the following afternoon I found the tree, and as the hole into which he had flown was only eight feet from the ground, by the help of several fence rails, and after two or three very undignified tumbles, I managed to attain my wish. But I met with a disappointment that almost shattered my faith in my woodpecker. There was no pretence at a nest. The tree was simply hollowed out by time, and the decayed wood formed a rough bed for so gay a bird; and had it not been for several bright feathers that I found inside I would have concluded that I had made a mistake. Disgusted and disappointed I descended, and when, shortly after, I saw the owner of the tumble-down shanty, I felt very much like cutting him; but he merely put his head on one side, and winking knowingly at me seemed to want to cry out—"Say, I've just been having a peep at your bachelor quarters in the town." So I determined not to let him know how deeply I was wounded to find that he was too indolent or stupid to fit himself up a decent house.

I did not return to my grove for several days, and when I did I found two other woodpeckers there. I had got to know mine so well that I at once saw they were both strangers. They were evidently young lovers, but the fair wood-nymph was rather coy, and not at all sure that she would accept her wooer's attentions. He kept at a very respectful distance, and danced about in the most approved fashion, evidently endeavoring to impress her with both his agility and beauty.

While I watched them I heard a familiar wing, and my old friend darted in between the lovers. Then began a ludicrous scene. Both the male birds were determined to win, and they danced, and hopped, and leaped; spread out their wings, and inflated their breasts, till I almost fell down with laughter, while the object of their endeavors stood calmly by with unruffled composure. I imagined I heard my friend rapidly chirping out his knowledge of the wood the places where the best food was to be found, and the most sparkling w[illegible] and to my horror, I thought I heard him dwell on the beauties of his country residence. He was too much for his rival, who began to weaken in his efforts, then finally stopped, and after standing for a moment dazed and bewildered, flew rapidly away towards the stream that tumbled by at the foot of the hill, I have no doubt meditating suicide. With a victorious hop the winner reached the side of the fair one, and the two darted off among the trees

'Can the shameless fellow be taking her to his wretched den?" I exclaimed to myself. But no! I soon saw him at work on a giant oak that I had for days seen him inspecting. He was

fully twenty feet from the ground, and working away with the vigor of a master-builder. His blows rang out, and echoed through the woods, and the chips fell fast at every stroke. I was delighted, and made up my mind to wait till his abode was complete, and then make an effort to have a look at the inside. I must say I grew somewhat jealous of his wife: he had lost considerable of his old confidence, and used to steer shy of me; on several occasions I caught him pointing me out to her, and the two of them, no doubt, had a quiet laugh at my expense.

For two or three weeks I kept my eye on the little round hole far above my head, and vainly endeavored to think out some way of reaching it. I thought of borrowing a pair of the climbers used by linemen for ascending telegraph poles, but as the tree was about three feet in diameter I abandoned that idea. I next thought of bringing out a number of iron spikes and driving them into the trunk at intervals; but the fear that the hammering on the tree might be too great a strain on the nerves of the young housekeepers compelled me to give up that scheme. Driven to desperation I at length went to a house about a quarter of a mile away, and borrowed their longest ladder, which by almost killing labor I managed to bring to the scene of action, and, to my delight, I found that it reached the nest.

My friend heaped all sorts of abuse on me in his shrillest voice, and finding that that was of no avail appealed in the most pathetic tones to our long friendship, our sympathies, and his family feelings. But it was no use. I had dragged the ladder too far to desist now; so up it I went, and despite his shouting and his wife's wailing I managed to reach the nest without mishap.

The little round hole that alone could be seen from the outside was the entrance to a carefully carved and smoothed abode, chiselled many inches down the heart of the tree, and fit for a queen among birds. He had doubtless tried to make her proud of him and his skill, and if he had not succeeded she must have been indeed hard to please. His home was a model of neatness, and the five or six ugly little infants that opened their mouths and besought me to drop a contribution into their insatiable throats were as cosy on their soft bed of wood-fibre, and as well cared for in that waterproof and enemy-proof abode as the most tenderly nurtured child in the city.

I in no way interfered with the family, and descended by ladder with greatly increased admiration for my favorite. I don't know that he ever had the old feeling for me again. I was an enigma to him, and what sport I could find in dragging a ladder through the blazing heat just to take a peep at his domestic arrangement was more than he seemed able to get into his head.

THE RIGHT ANGLE

THE LAUREATE OF THE OFFICE BOY

THE gentleman who found books in running brooks, sermons in [illegible] is outclassed by Mr. S. E. Kiser, who has discovered poetry and sentiment in the office boy, and has constituted himself poet laureate of his find.

Heretofore it has been supposed by those who had immediate connection with the office boy that he was an untutored savage, with an insatiable appetite, a diabolical ingenuity in doing the wrong thing and an accomodating grandmother, who always died on ball game days. It would seem that this is merely a superficial view, and that underneath the grimy jacket of the office boy there is the heart of a lover, and the soul of a knight, and a passion that runs the whole gamut of love, jealousy, revenge, and despair, albeit the deadly rival was merely "a long-legged clerk," and the revenge expressed itself in the foul deed of denting in "the old man's" hat.

In this epic of youth Mr. Kiser tells of the hopeless devotion of the office boy for the pretty typewriter; of his gnawing jealously when she conversed with the clerk, of his dreams of rescuing her from burglars or fire, and finally of his black despair when she marries and goes away. The verse is couched in humorous form, and rattling fun it is; but there is something besides humor in this romance of the office boy, of which the first installment appears in the present number. There is human nature, a subtle knowledge of that shyest thing in the world a boy's heart, and just that touch of pathos that is always twin sister to a laugh.

The whole tale of the boy's ill-requieted passion will be told in the thirty-four sonnets which are to be published in five installments in CANADA-WEST. The illustrations are to be drawn by Miss Florence Pretz, whose pictures of "Billiken," "Archibald" and "Little Honey" have delighted our readers. About the middle of the summer, the complete series and the pictures will be collected in a handsome little volume with a cover design by Miss Pretz, and published by the Vanderhoof-Gunn Company, Winnipeg.

THE SIEGES OF QUEBEC

THE [illegible] of Champlain [illegible] to mark [illegible] and [illegible] Wolfe [illegible] bration a series of articles on the hy[illegible] Quebec, [illegible] Dominion Day our endeavor to [illegible] of the occasion and really valuable as a [illegible]

Author of "B[illegible]" [illegible] FLEE RISER [illegible] of Fury Dick," etc., who is [illegible] for CANADA WEST

[illegible] scholarly treatment of the [illegible] subject.

Lawrence J. Burpee, Librarian of the Carnegie Library, Ottawa, well known as the author of "The Quest of the Western Sea," will write of the [illegible] 1662 [illegible] Frontenac [illegible] under Admiral Kirke. The [illegible] of our forefathers [illegible] Mr. Burpee [illegible] both [illegible] the [illegible] influence of the dreams that threw a glamour over the primitive fort of that far-away day.

W. D. Le Sueur, L.L.D., F.R.S.C., the learned author of "The Life of Frontenac," assistant to the Dominion Archivist and associate editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*, will tell the story of Frontenac's gallant defence against the New England fleet under Admiral Sir William Phips. When you have read Dr. Le Sueur's account of the romance and heroism in this second siege of the still young city, you will find your appetite whetted for more knowledge of the galant French Commandant of 1690.

The story of the great siege, that of 1759, the siege marked by lofty purpose which stirs the blood and moistens the eye of the great hearted [illegible], will be told by T. G. Marquis, [illegible] Marguerite de Roberval [illegible] "Stories from Canadian History" are widely read and liked. Mr. Marquis brings to his subject a trained historical faculty and a love of romantic detail which should touch with new light the well known tale of Wolfe and Montcalm.

The power of description, the [illegible] to present to the eye of the [illegible] picture that lives, is particularly important in two fields, that of the newspaper writer and that of the historian. John Ridington, who will present the fourth siege, is a man who combines the training of an historian with the work of a "star reporter." His letters to the *Manitoba Free Press* at the time of the Doukhobor pilgrimage showed the world that he could give it a living picture, and this ability combined with scholarly his-

torical knowledge will doubtless give us a vivid story of DeLevis' brave attempt to retake the city and the difficult position of Wolfe's successor Murray.

Another man of like training, C. Frederick Hamilton, of the Toronto *News*, will treat the last siege, that of the American invasion. Mr. Hamilton was correspondent for the Toronto *Globe* during the Boer war and his experience of warfare in a new and rough country should be a great aid to him in picturing the march of Arnold through the wilds of Maine and Guy Carlton's resistance of the attack of the combined armies of Montgomery and Arnold.

CANADA-WEST is fortunate in securing such men to write on subjects that are congenial and therefore apt to receive their best work. We are confident that you, too, will consider yourselves fortunate in owning such an account of the stirring events that have passed over Quebec since Champlain landed on the banks of the lower town three hundred years ago.

BROAD GAUGE JOURNALISM

ARE the popular magazines supplanting the lecture, the text book and even the college as educators? This is a question that has been raised with all seriousness by many men of thoughtful minds, men who are keen students of the tendencies of the times. But whether the magazines are supplanting the time honored educators or not, the mere fact that the question has been raised shows how great their influence has become. They are powerful, therefore their friendship is valuable. Canada is to be congratulated on having many good friends among the magazines of the United States, who have proved their friendship by making public the resources and growth of the Dominion, by educating the American public until it now recognizes the possibilities of our great West.

Among Canada's friends, the *Technical World* holds a high place. During the last year or two, many articles of particular interest to Canadians have appeared in its pages, and this month we have the pleasure of reprinting "That Road to Hudson Bay" by John

JOHN RIDINGTON
formerly of the *Manitoba Free Press*, who will write on the fourth siege of Quebec

V. Borne, which appeared in the May number of that excellent American publication.

[illegible] BURPEE
[illegible] ibrary at Ottawa, who
[illegible] ts, "The Sieges

A WESTERN ARTIST

Canada has given not a few of her sons and daughters to the world of art and literature; has given many who have, after idefatigable effort, been admitted to an enviable position in that world. And in quite recent years signs have not been wanting that Western Canada has produced, and will continue to produce, men and women who will bring, in time, recognition of the fact that the West is not only a land of multitudinous commercial opportunities, but also one to inspire "a knowledge of the vision and the height."

There are many young men and women to-day in the West who are working patiently and persistently along lines of artistic endeavor to whom deserved reward will some day come. Among these is Miss Elizabeth M. McVicar, a reproduction of one of whose drawings, a spirited and winsome girl's head, we reproduce here

Born in Winnipeg, Miss McVicar has spent the greater portion of her life in that city. Her ability with the pencil and brush is the result of a natural gift and not the outcome of years of labored effort. She has studied with teachers in her home city, but the total time of her professional tuition would not exceed one year. Her work shows exceptional promise, and has been favorably commented upon by art critics of admitted authority, who have urged Miss McVicar seriously to consider entering upon a career in which her gifts undoubtedly will bring her substantial reward.

THE GROWTH OF THE WEST

The United States Government has at last recognized the commercial importance of the Western Provinces by raising the consulate at Winnipeg to the rank of a consulate general. Would not this have rejoiced the enthusiastic soul of that early American Consul who was known to the pioneers as "Saskatchewan" Taylor? He foresaw the phenomenal growth of the prairie country which was to make Winnipeg the important point it now is in commercial circles, and it was his abounding and oft-expressed faith in the Saskatchewan Valley that earned him the sobriquet so affectionately bestowed upon him by his contemporaries. Now his dream, or rather his keen vision, has been proven true, and his home government is acknowledging the fact by taking the post which he made important in those early days by sheer force of his own personality, out of the supervision of the Montreal office; giving it supervision of all the consular offices west of the Great Lakes, and putting Winnipeg the metropolis of the prairie provinces, in direct communication with Washington. That this change has taken place is due in part to Dr. John Edward Jones, a worthy successor of Consul Taylor, who has embodied in his reports the results of patient and intelligent study of the growth and conditions affecting commerce in the West, and has done much to impress the United States Government with the need of a more adequate consular service. The *Winnipeg Telegram* in an editorial on the raising of the consulate says:

"But, if it is a tribute to our growing importance, it is no less a tribute to the present United States consul, Dr. Jones that the significance of the great colonization movement towards Western Canada has been thus early made apparent to the government at Washington. And it is the general hope and anticipation of the people of Winnipeg that the change will be made the opportunity for adequate appreciation of his services to his own government and to us. By experience and ability, and by the fact that he enjoys the confidence and esteem of this community he is eminently fitted to fill the more responsible position of consul-general.

Since this editorial was written, CANADA-WEST has been informed from a reliable source that the wishes of the city's citizens have been fulfilled and that Dr. Jones has been appointed first United States Consul General to Winnipeg.

THAT ROAD TO HUDSON BAY

BY JOHN V. BORNE

(See the Right Angle, "Broad Gauge Journalism")

THOUGH cucumbers will never grow at the north pole, the limits of commercial vegetation are not so near Chicago as many people suppose. There is an end to comfortable latitudes, of course; but there is money to be made, even where warmth is more to be desired than fine gold. There is a mica mine hard by Greenland's icy mountains. The Coppermine river on the edge of the Arctic Circle, is an enormous reserve for the wiry fingers of Electricity. The Yukon and Alaska furnish riches to a great multitude; and unlimited opportunities for showing how civilization is the conqueror of climate. One day, soon, Hudson strait will be a highway for the tramp steamer; and Fort Churchill, on the west coast of Hudson Bay, instead of being a fur-post, will be the storehouse of more grain than was hoarded in the valley of the Nile by the original Joseph. Three hundred years after Henrik Hudson was turned adrift, to starve on the waters which bear his name, box car loads of wheat will transform Churchill, and will give one of those advances in transportation, which have superseded gory battles as the real landmarks of history.

Fort Churchill is in a healthful, fertile region. Just west of it, in the same latitude, at Fort Chippewyan, on Lake Athabasca, the finest wheat shown at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, in 1876, was grown. Vessels have been coming to Fort Churchill regularly for nearly two hundred and forty years for skins. They will come to load wheat, at the docks of the Canadian Northern Railway, whose steel is already only four hundred and seventy miles away—on the Saskatchewan river, at the Pas Mission. There has been talk of a railroad to Hudson Bay for a long generation. There were big-hearted railway builders in those days, who could not find big-hearted financiers. Charters [illegible] and hopes were deferred. Rails to Churchill are in sight; and may be discussed without fear of the calamity that overtakes prophets who do not know. The proposition to carry wheat through Hudson strait is pre-eminently a short haul proposition. It has for the Britisher in Europe, and in every part of the world where the Britisher is [illegible] aspect. Imperialism has come to be largely an affair of transportation; for railwaymen and shipmasters are the modern generals a nation's development. As soon as the ship master and the railroader have proved the Hudson Bay route to be founded on five per cent they will have rendered to British imperialism perhaps the most notable service that has been performed for it since Edward the Seventh was a young man.

The water route from Churchill to Liverpool is not ideal. No tremendously important thing ever is. The shores of the bay are ice-bound in winter; but that disadvantage could be overcome. The channel of Hudson strait is said to be ice-choked in early summer. No man, living or dead, has been known to sail those lonely waters in winter. That is no proof that they are unsailable; albeit the hardest optimist does not claim that the strait is navigable twelve months in the year. I shall deal with the evidence on these points later.

The land side of the proposition is simple and safe. Churchill is as near to Liverpool as Montreal is, by way of

Cape Race. The incomparable wheat fields of western Canada are nearer to Churchill than they are to Montreal—an average of 967 miles nearer. The country between them and Churchill is more easily coverable than the country between them and Montreal was in the early eighties. A stalwart of latter-day Canadian optimism used to say that he would not risk his life on the shores of Lake Superior in January. He laughs at his pessimism now, and, every three months or so, inquires when the bonds of the Hudson Bay extension will be on the market.

To get an idea of this Hudson Bay route, suppose you travel over it, on the legs and with the eyes of the men who have already done it. Lord Selkirk's agricultural settlement, near the Red river, where Winnipeg now is, was founded nearly a hundred years ago with Scotchmen, who were brought in by way of Hudson Bay, the Nelson river and Lake Winnipeg. Winnipeg is the metropolis of western Canada and the home of the first attempts to finance a railroad to Hudson Bay. The early efforts to open this new line of communication were bound to fail. There must be something more than faith in the future of a country when such a stupendous innovation as that of making a grain port of Fort Churchill is undertaken. All the inhabitants of western Canada twenty years ago were but a handful; and in North Dakota the population was almost as sparse as in the Saskatchewan valley. The Hudson Bay route could only be supplementary to the main arteries connecting the East and the West. The certainty of a line to Churchill has come about because, instead of less than a thousand miles of railway between Winnipeg and the Rocky mountains, there are now 6,247 miles; and the country has twenty-five years of successful wide-spread agriculture behind it.

The Canadian Northern itself is probably the most remarkable feature of this rare development. It began in 1896, with a hundred miles of line; starting at the village of Gladstone and ending nowhere—it was then the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Company. It has now 3,434 miles west of Lake Superior. Of these 3,434 miles 2,166 are branches. The branch line is the final proof of the inherent wealth of the territory tapped by a main line. In a few years there will be three main lines of railway connecting eastern and western Canada. But with a growth in population since 1891, of from 219,305 to 893,351, and an increase in crops of from 25,000,000 bushels to 202,000,000 bushels, there has arisen a terrible congestion of traffic, and shrewd men of affairs expect that the movements of grain and cattle eastward, and of merchandise westward, will heavily tax the railways as fast as they can be built.

The road to Hudson Bay has become an economic necessity of those prairie provinces. The existing railways have been built on the basis of an export movement southeastward. But a glance at the map shows how easily the movement of grain to Fort Churchill can be accomplished. By a few simple cut offs Hudson Bay Junction, on the Prince Albert branch of the Canadian Northern, can be easily reached from those sections of the system which have most to gain by the deflection of traffic to Churchill.

This table of distances tells its own story:

	Statute Miles		
	To Montreal	To Churchill	Difference
Winnipeg	1,422	945	477
Brandon	1,555	940	615
Regina	1,780	774	1,006
Medicine Hat	2,082	1,076	1,006
Calgary	2,262	1,256	1,006
Prince Albert	2,958	717	1,241
Battleford	1,994	976	1,118
Saskatoon	1,924	806	1,118
Edmonton	2,247	1,129	1,118

As to the financial saving in freight, here is an extract from a speech of Senator Davis, in the Dominion Parliament, last year.

"It has been estimated—and I think correctly—that we would save, by the construction of the road, at least eleven cents a bushel on wheat, and no less than $8.00 on every steer. I have no time to go into figures, but we would save more on the crop of wheat and cattle this year in the West than would build the road twice over. After all

it is only a small piece of railway—four hundred miles—and we have proven that two hundred and seventy miles of that road should be constructed as a colonization road."

Those of us who, for most of a lifetime, have assumed that nearly the whole of Canada was a frost-bound barren, bleak and desolate, incapable of growing life-sustaining crops, may be astonished at the idea of building a railway to within two hundred miles of Fort Churchill as a colonization road. But this is a serious proposal, all the same, and I shall take the liberty of summarizing the evidence given to a parliamentary committee last year by Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, who has traveled between thirty and forty thousand miles, over new routes, between Lake Winnipeg, the Rocky Mountains and Chesterfield inlet.

Mr. Tyrrell, who is now a leading mining engineer, practising in Toronto, was for fifteen years with the geological survey, and his scientific explorations are recorded in the report of that branch of the public service; and are innumerable. He laughs about his hardships; but they were real and numerous enough to eliminate every excess of optimism from his judgment of any part of a country he has explored.

In 1883 Mr. Tyrrell, as assistant to Dr. Dawson, explored the Kootenay, where the Crow's Nest coal fields and other mines in the southwest of British Columbia now are. In 1884 and 1885, he was in charge of exploration and surveys in central and western Alberta, and thereafter explored and surveyed Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba and the country thereabout. No other scientist has so thorough an acquaintance with the country through which the Canadian Northern line to Hudson Bay will pass.

Mr. Tyrrell was the first man really to explore the west shore of Hudson Bay. In 1893 he went from Edmonton, down the Athabasca to Lake Athabasca; eastward across the lake, then, northward by the Dubawnt river and Dubawnt lake to Chesterfield inlet, covering country never known to have been covered by a white man since Samuel Hearn made his trip to the Coppermine river, a hundred and twenty years ago. From Chesterfield inlet, the trip to Churchill, in canoes was almost a catastrophe; for the season was late, and food was mighty scarce. But, as Mr. Tyrrell says, if he could skirt the shore in a Peterboro canoe in October, the navigability of the bay late in the season is, for steamers, an easy job. Mr. Tyrrell returned to Winnipeg by way of York Factory, the Nelson river and Lake Winnipeg.

The next year he went up the Saskatchewan river to Cumberland House, then northward by Reindeer lake to the Kazan river, and reached Hudson Bay by turning first east two hundred miles, south to Chesterfield inlet, and then down the shore to Churchill. That winter he walked from Fort Churchill to Winnipeg by way of Split lake and Norway House. The country between Churchill and Split lake had never before been traversed by a white man, and the Indians knew nothing whatever about it. Mr. Tyrrell's route is practically that which the railway will take between Split lake and Churchill. He has also been from Prince Albert northward; down the Beaver river to the Churchill river, and has, indeed, crossed and re-crossed the territory through which the colonization road—to use Senator Davis' description—will be built.

The greater part of the Barren Lands, north of the tree line, is broken rock and boulders; a rough, stony country without any great elevation, and very little vegetation of any kind. South of the tree line there is a belt of sparsely wooded country from one to two hundred miles wide. It is not a forest country, but it is wooded along the streams, and in the more protected places South of that again, there is a belt of forest, two hundred miles wide, that is essentially suited for agricultural purposes. It starts on the east between Lake Winnipeg and Split lake, and extends westward along the Churchill river to the Athabasca river; the eastern side of the tract being the Nelson river.

The belt of forest is, for the most part, excellent agricultural land. Although a little harder to settle up, and not so productive to settlers who are going in and looking for farms cleared for them and ready to put the wheat in, it will be as fine an agricultural tract of land as there is in the West. Everywhere, in travelling through it, the evidence of rich vegetation is abundant, and wherever any kind of agriculture or horticulture has been attempted, it has been eminently successful. This tract is a continuation northward of the Saskatchewan country, and will grow anything grown in Ontario—potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbage, cauliflowers and all the ordinary garden produce, excellent potatoes being grown in the district around Nelson House. The summer is warm and there is a good rainfall. Mr. Stupart, superintendent of the Dominion meteorological service, reports that the temperature conditions of the district between Lake Winnipeg and Split lake, from May to September, compared with Europe, are as follows: May, with north of Scotland and southern Norway; June, with Scotland; July, with south of England; August, with Scotland; September, with northern Norway and Sweden.

The Indians, in hunting, constantly plant little patches of potatoes here and there in the spring, leave them all summer, and go back in the fall and dig them up when they return to their hunting grounds, and use them for their winter supply. They are not hoed or cultivated in any way, and are not looked after from time they are planted in the spring, until they are dug in the fall. They grow sufficiently to keep down the weeds and are usually planted on islands as a protection against wild animals Mr. Tyrrell has frequently dug splendid potatoes from these unattended Indian gardens.

North of Lake Winnipeg, there are from five to ten thousand square miles of an extension of the Manitoba clay-lands, that make as fine country there as is in Manitoba, or anywhere else. Throughout this section, there is a variety of timber, including banksian pine, spruce, larch, poplar and hemlock, which would serve for pulpwood. The lakes and streams are stocked with enormous quantities of fish—as full in fact, as the water can supply food for them. Trout, whitefish and salmon. In some of the small, shallower lakes Mr. Tyrrell has seen the fins of thousand of whitefish sticking up out of the water while paddling along in a canoe. The whole territory is capable of supporting a thick population.

There has been practically no exploration of the Huronian and Keewatin rocks northward towards the Nelson river, and no prospecting, so that no one can say whether they are to be a barren or rich portion of those rocks, which are rich elsewhere. They have large possibilities. From that point there is an area of sandstone in the vicinity of Cree lake which may contain copper, but we know nothing of it yet. In age it approximates that of the rocks that are rich in copper around Lake Superior. Mr. Tyrrell has heard that coal has been found out near Lac La Ronge, but most of the country north of the Saskatchewan river has not keen explored for coal. He is confident that the same seams that outcrop on the Saskatchewan will, in the west, at all events, be traced much further north.

There is then, besides the thousand miles of the [illegible] try through which the Canadian Northern Railway to Hudson Bay will pass, that will support, by its agriculture, fish and pulpwood products, a railway of its own; and the two hundred miles of track through the comparatively barren land this side of Fort Churchill will be a mere nothing of unproductiveness, compared with the desert crossed by some of the United States railways to the Pacific coast.

What about the trip across the bay and through the strait? For over two hundred years, the Hudson Bay Company sent two, and sometimes three, ships a year to their forts around the bay; and there have been many whalers in that region. The Hudson Bay Company's ships were of small tonnage, and at the mercy of the winds, until comparatively recent years, when

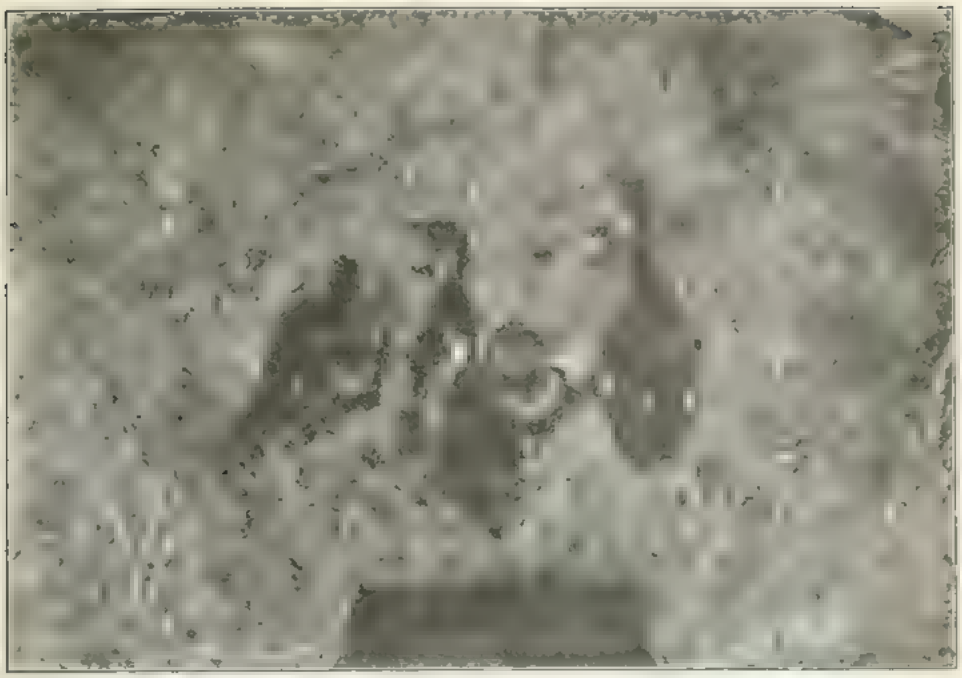
steamers have been employed. But only two vessels were lost in all that time. The bay itself is not frozen over in winter, so the strait, which constitutes the real obstacle to a prolonged navigation season, is never frozen. The ice which blocks the strait at times in the early summer, comes down by way of Fox channel, from the impenetrable vastness of the real North. Several expeditions have been sent to test the navigability of the strait, but they have been regarded with distrust by some who felt that the interests of eastern Canada were so much against the opening of the new route that the pessimist always conquered the optimist when the reports were being written. There are men accustomed to northern conditions, who are confident that Hudson strait can be navigated for eight months in the year.

Commander Wakeman was sent, in 1897, by the Dominion Government, to investigate conditions in the strait. He says that he went into a pack of ice, against his better judgment, and did not reach the bay until July 12, having been jammed in from June 23 to July 10. If he had kept outside the drift ice he would have been in the bay several days earlier. He travelled back and forth, and made his last attempt to get into the bay on October 29, when there were heavy winds and snowstorms. There was no ice, and the fact that the coat was not charted proved a great difficulty. He has no doubt that, when the strait is perfectly in navigation it will be safe until the end of October. It is not ice, but snow that makes sailing dangerous at that time of the year. But there are snowstorms around Halifax, and other places where navigation continues all winter.

Mr. A. P. Low, the present director of the Geological Survey of Canada, whose experience of the strait and bay extends back to 1896, was in command of an expedition by the *Neptune* in 1903 and 1904. He says: "The strait is navigable from about the middle of July until the first day of November anyway, and a couple of weeks might be added at the end, because the new ice in Hudson Bay is of no consequence to a ship until it gets to be fifteen or eighteen inches thick. For from three and a half to four months then, the ordinary tramp steamers could be used. The ice is rafted, and in the mid-summer months is easily broken. You just run into it and it breaks to pieces, and you see four times as much as you did before."

Mr. Low says specially prepared steamers could navigate Hudson Bay and strait longer than the period he mentioned. You could navigate the strait all winter, if you had a specially prepared vessel. Altogether, Mr. Low considers that the Hudson Bay route, when it is open, is an even clearer one than the St. Lawrence.

To sum up: Even if Hudson strait is open only three months and a half, there will be quite time to get enormous quantities of wheat and cattle, from western Canada to Europe, by the cold-storage route; and unless what has happened elsewhere fails in this part of the world—and it cannot well be believed that it will—the achievement will be much greater than the promise. For the formidable becomes the familiar, and the apparently appalling obstacle of Nature is made the humble servant of scientific comerec.



YOUNG [illegible] RAPIDLY WHEN [illegible]

BREEDING OF THE PRAIRIE DUCKS

By G. W. E. ATKINSON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

A paper read before the Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba, at Winnipeg, on December 17th, 1907

UNDER this title I propose to summarize the results of ten years observations in the West and include those extended notes made, during the summer of 1906, while assisting in a general biological survey of the district, adjacent to the new Grand Trunk Pacific survey, between Portage la Prairie in Manitoba and Edmonton, Alberta.

It is not my intention to go elaborately into the question of the distribution of the various species but, rather, to put together a series of records which convey to us much new information regarding the habits of our ducks during the breeding season. There being no physical features to mark the northern or western boundaries of the Province of Manitoba or to establish any line of difference between the species resident here and those to be found in the Western prairie provinces, I have made the range of this paper all the district lying between the Red River Valley and the Rocky Mountains and between the International boundary and the Saskatchewan River: almost this entire district has been covered by myself in the course of the making of these records.

Within this district there may be said to be three regions distinctly different in character, each of which seems to appeal to a different group of the breeding species

First, is the large lake region about Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba and Win-

nipegosis: second, the extended and wooded valleys of the Assiniboine, Qu'Appelle and South Saskatchewan Rivers with their tributaries draining as they do the third or great prairie region consisting alternately of extensive flat table lands and bunches of rolling hills (sometimes called mountains) and everywhere spotted with small lakes, ponds and marshes.

The only group which appear to be characteristic of the lake region, with its deeper waters and swifter flowing streams, are the two larger mergansers

BLACK DUCK

commonly called sawbills, two species which capture all their food by pursuit beneath the surface of the water. Not being generally classed as edible, or at least not palatable to the epicure, and not numerous enough to be materially injurious to the fish industry, they are not generally given much economic consideration. Both species breed in hollow trees or on the ground among the bushes on the banks of the wooded streams

The hooded merganser, a smaller species of this division is however a more omnivorous feeder and, with the whistler resorts more to the wooded rivers where both species breed in hollow trees. I have not noted either of these species any distance from these wooded river valleys during the breeding season.

While I thus separate the mergansers and whistlers from the other breeding species, I do not mean to imply that these are the only species which breed about the lake or wooded river regions, as some species are of cosmopolitan distribution within the entire district included in these notes.

I contend, however, that the most important district to be considered is the great prairie region, with its lakes, ponds and marshes, which in settled or unsettled districts are the selected breeding resorts of five-sixths of our recorded breeding species.

Everywhere throughout the entire area of this vast region, among the hills or on the plains, among the scrub and bush, or on the open prairie, in fresh or alkali ponds, marsh grown or clear of weed growth, every pond (except some of the excessively salty) is the annual nursery of one or more families of ducks.

Right here we might pause and reflect upon the question of how we shall deal with the maintaining these attractive breeding resorts in the face of generally increasing settlement, because it must be admitted that as settlement increases the number of breeding birds within a district must necessarily decrease.

The question arises, will these birds adapt themselves to resorts not available for settlement or will they retire eventually from settled regions to appear among us but as migrants?

The latter I confess strikes me as being the more probable, all things considered. The result of all my observations shows that the large marshes with deep water attract to-day only a very small percentage of breeding birds, and only during dry seasons will the hay lands prove suitable breeding resorts because the large majority of the species require a dry interior to the nest to incubate.

To my mind the one essential to a successful breeding season with the ducks is available and suitable nesting locations immediately on their arrival in the spring because it is a conspicuous fact that all the birds are mated and ready for domestic duty, even before they arrive among us.

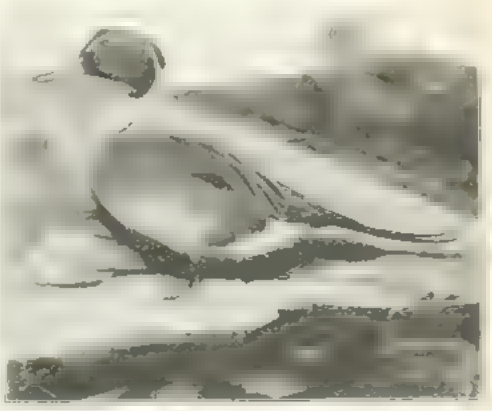
Adverse weather conditions do not hamper them as they do other groups (conspicuously the grouse) because, once securing a tolerably dry location, the female constructs her nest of the dry vegetable material available and lines it deeply with a fine down plucked from her own and the male's breast which having served them as an undercoat protector against winter frosts, is discarded on the approach of warmer weather. This down gives off a very powerful mineral heat and serves as a great assistant in incubation, even cold weather and late frosts only necessitating a little closer and more faithful sitting on the part of the mother; so that the only dangerous possibility is that of rising cold water flooding the nests and chilling the eggs.

Among all the flocks of ducks which reach us in the spring, and rest a short period enroute, not the least conspicuous point of interest is that, while they appear to swim about and aimlessly mingle together, every sober duck has a dapper drake in her train displaying himself elaborately and devoting to her constant attention, while in many females taken immediately after their arrival from the south, during those years when spring shooting was permitted, I have found completely developed eggs ready for extrusion.

Immediately the young are hatched, the mother conducts them to the nearest pond and they at once commence to educate themselves into the mysteries of life, soon adapting themselves to all its requirements and demanding very little attention from the parents. The advantage taken of this ready adaptation by both parents has caused much reflection during the past ten years as all my observations showed frequent and extended absence of both parents from the young broods.

The well known fact that the males of some species are decidedly disinclined to share domestic responsibilities, and resort together in flocks readily explains their absence from the young, but the action of the females had been one of continual mystery to me until the opportunities afforded me during the summer of 1906 explained to my entire satisfaction the reason her absence from the flock so frequently.

I quite casually discovered that in the most conspicuous case the female had deposited the neucleus of another setting of eggs in the old nest immediately after she had introduced her newly hatched brood to the water, and subsequent investigation clearly justifies me in contending the dominant desire of the female is to raise young



PINTAIL DUCK, MATURE MALE

ducks and turn them loose on the waters of the world as fast as mother nature will permit, and herein she naturally assists the desire in early adapting the young to the care of themselves.

It can be readily understood how even during the first days of the young bird's life the mother could absent herself long enough to deposit an egg of a fresh setting and that, on its completion, the brood, now twelve to fifteen days old, would be well able to look after themselves, and in the event of the presence of other broods of other species in the same pond they would mix congenially together and seldom remember that they had any parents.

At some points where only one breeding pair were located, in late July and early August, flocks of from twenty to thirty young, of two or three distinct

broods, were found mothered by one female

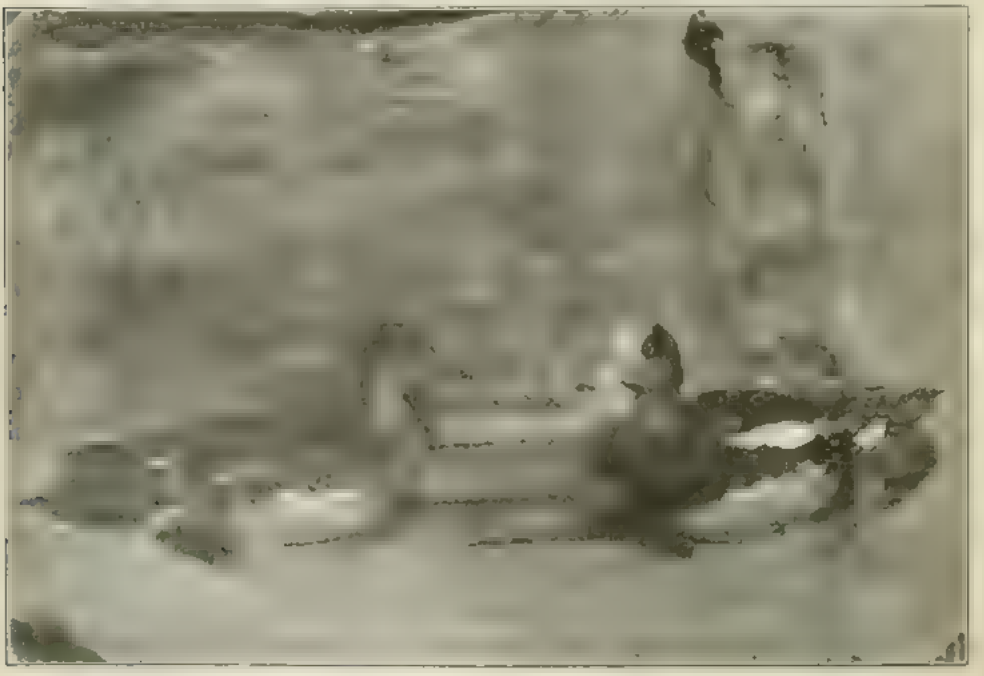
The first case which came under my notice was at Cherry-field Camp some twenty-five miles south-west of Yorkton, Saskatchewan on July 9, 1906. A shoveller's nest containing at that time eight fresh eggs was found some fifty yards from a pond

Previous to this I had noted a flock of young downy shovellers paddling about in this pond, unattended by any parent, and casually mixing with flocks of other species. When first I flushed the female from this nest she flew a couple of circles about and alighted out in the pond, immediately being surrounded by the bunch of downy young birds which she quite contentedly attended for sometime, returning again to cover the eggs. I at once investigated and made absolutely certain that there was only the one pair of Shovellers within a radius of half a mile of our camp Among the large flock of young birds on this pond I subsequently found a flock of over two dozen mallards, clearly representing three different ages, attended and mothered by one mallard which, I found, also, was the only mature female mallard in the vicinity of that pond.

At this point on July 9, I fired a single shot into this bunch of mallards, securing three birds fully developed save wings, two birds just showing the feather development, and one downy chick only a few days old. Of the second stage there seemed about a dozen birds while of the downy ducklings there were eight or ten.

At this point, I secured at the same time several young Bluewinged teal out of a large flock attended by a single pair of teal, these collections representing three distinct ages and there being only the one pair of Bluwinged teal in the district

On July 19, at Boulder Lake, Saskatchewan, a female shoveller took decided exception to my presence in a small sour pond near our camp and only when a partly grown downy



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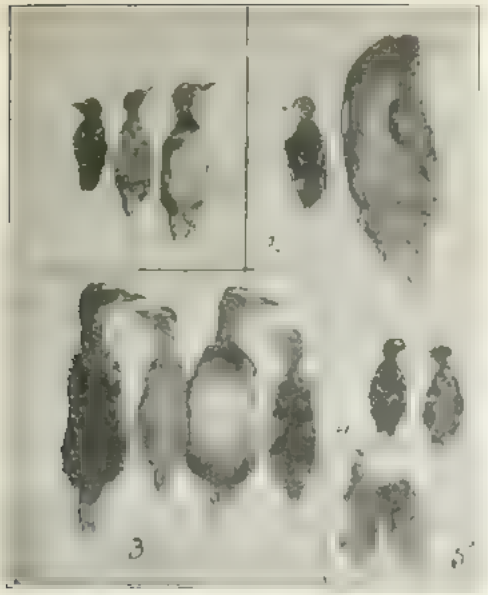


1. Bunch of Teals of three different ages, collected from one flock, attended by one mother. Cherryfield Sask. July 9, 1906.
2. Mallards of two distinct broods, collected in one shot, and mothered by one female, Cherryfield, Sask., July 9, 1906.
3. Canvas Backs of two different ages, taken at one shot from flock attended by one mother, Hugel, Sask., July 12, 1906.
4. Gadwall Ducklings from a brood of fourteen captured at Portage la Prairie, Man., August 24, 1901.
5. Mallard Ducklings taken from brood of twelve at Portage la Prairie, Man., Sept. 1, 1906.

young bird splashed out of the weeds into the water, did I learn the reason for the mother's objection.

On the following day I saw the same female drop into the grass a hundred yards from the water. I followed quickly and discovered four more young birds, the same age, huddled in a hole in the ground where they had sneaked out of the water on my disturbing them.

I photographed these, and liberated them; subsequently discovering the female sitting on a nest of eight eggs, not far from where I captured the young birds.

On July 11, near the File Hills I came upon a pair of Ruddy ducks, disporting themselves with a flock of downy young, in a large marsh bordered pond. Wading out to attempt a collection of some of the young, I discovered a nest with two fresh eggs floating among the rushes in three feet of water. I afterwards flushed the female off the nest. These again were the only pair of Ruddy ducks in the vicinity.

On the same date I collected four young canvasbacks of two different ages mothered by one female.

It was a regular occurrence to find flocks numbering hundreds of young birds of different ages and species swimming happily together, apparently not worrying over the question of parents, and taking up readily with any female of any species which dropped into their midst.

The drakes in most cases do not mix with the young birds but swim about apart from them and on several occasions I saw flocks of considerable numbers of drakes and Mallards and Lesser Scaup ducks careering about the country and paying no attentions to females or young.

With other species, notably the teal, Gadwall, Widgeon, Ruddy Duck and Shoveller, the drakes were in more regular attendance and, with the ducks, manifested considerable uneasiness at my presence.

The strength and endurance of these downy birds a few days old is very remarkable. On July 24, we camped beside two ponds some twenty-five miles east of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, one several acres in extent, about which swam a flock of several dozen young birds of several ages and species and about thirty-five yards from this, separated by a regular travelled road, in a cuplike hollow was the second pond, only about forty yards in diameter. In this pond I found a female lesser Scaup duck with eight downy ducklets not more than three days old. Every effort I could make to drive these ashore was futile and I decided to wade in, as the water was only about three feet in depth, and capture the ducklets for a photo.

I waded about for over two hours before I succeeded in effecting a capture, and in each case it was accomplished by separation and capturing them individually as they swam past me under the water.

During the pursuit, the mother displayed the greatest anxiety for a time but finally flew over to the large pond, mixed in with the large flock and returned only after I had effected the final capture. When I subsequently liberated the chicks in the large pond they swam leisurely to the cosmopolitan flock in the center, mixed up and at once became part of it.

The worrying I have received from hysterical and distressed mothers while pursuing the ducklings is only second to that which my presence gives them and so keen is their pleading and distraction that only the cold ambition of science could steal my conscience to the work at times. So strong is the mother instinct that I have had a Green-winged Teal go into hysterics in supplication for a flock of squeaking ducklings which did not contain a solitary Greenwinged Teal.

My first experience with the young of different species mixing, occurred on June 14, 1899, when I collected eight specimens out of a flock of eighteen downy ducklings on the Assiniboine River near Poplar Point, Manitoba. Of these three proved to be whistlers and five Hooded Mergansers. The flock was mothered by a Whistler and no merganser was noted on that part of the river.

The range of specimens in my possession proves conspicuously the extent of the breeding season. Those fully developed Mallards previously referred to, collected July 9, prove the early commencement of nesting, while specimens collected later in the season, namely seven downy Gadwalls a few days old collected north of Portage la Prairie out of a flock of twelve, on August 29, 1901, and two downy Mallards not over three days old collected near the same locality by myself out of a flock of fourteen ducklets on September 1, 1902, are the strongest evidences that the breeding desire remains dominant in the female as long as favorable weather lasts and altogether too long to make the opening of shooting on September 1, anything

SHOVELLERS, MALE AND FEMALE

better than a licence to the ruthless potter to work his infernal carnage among these helpless duck babies.

The food of the young during the earlier stages consists almost entirely of insect and animal life, being varied with vegetable food as the development advances

WOOD DUCK

In conclusion I have to refer casually to a feature having material relation to my subject and, to my mind, one of paramount importance to all interested in the economics of the question which I noted during the summer of 1901 while I was accompanying the Indian inspector on a treaty payment trip extending all about Lakes Winnipegosis and Manitoba and up to the Saskatchewan River as far as Cumberland House. In every case these reserves are located on the poorer tracts of land of little value for agriculture surrounded by large tracts of ideal breeding ground for water fowl yet I have noted more ducks floating about the Lake at Portage la Prairie on an average fall day than I observed during this trip of seven weeks duration.

Inquiry at the reserves elicited the information that I was too early; the birds had not come down from the north yet. That countless thousands of birds visited these locations in spring and that shooting was continued after their first arrival. Such birds as attempted to breed were shot wherever seen. Eggs were gathered in canoe loads and any birds fortunate enough to rear a brood were slaughtered with these as soon as they put in an appearance, so that by early July not a solitary bird remained where nature intended hundreds to breed and this hungry intellectual horde must subsist upon fish and treaty till the coming of the northern breeders.

On this occasion I verified a statement made to me and accepted with much hesitation, namely that the native will not eat an egg unless it contains a chick, arguing that all those not showing the embryo are unfit for food. This idea still prevails among many bands more retired from civilization. Be this latter as it may the Indian as a factor in game extermination is a subject which now demands our serious attention

The prize list of to-day for the district covered by this article gives the following as authentically recorded species. Others have been mentioned on various lists but I do not consider it desirable to include any but those whose authenticit[illegible] stablished by

NEST OF SHOVELLER DUCK WHICH HAS ALREADY A YOUNG BROOD

Merganser [illegible]	American Merganser	Breeds in N. Labrador region. Rapid River
Merganser [illegible]	[illegible] Merganser	Breeds in N. Labrador region. Rapid River
Merganser [illegible]	[illegible] Merganser	Breeds generally in wooded rivers
Anas Boschas	Mallard	Abundant. Breeder everywhere
Anas Obscura	Black Duck	Breeds increasing in Prairie District
Chaulelasmus Strepera	Gadwall	Breeds generally in Prairie District
Mareca Americana	American Widgeon	[illegible]
Nettion Carolinensis	Green-winged Teal	
Querquedula discors	Blue-winged Teal	
Spatula Clypeata	Shoveller	
Dafila Acuta	Pintail	
Aix Sponsa	Wood Duck	Rare Breeder increasing in Eastern wooded districts.
[illegible]	[illegible]	Breeds in West Prairie District
[illegible]	[illegible]	Breeds [illegible] in Prairie District
Aythya Marila	American Scaup Duck (Big Bluebill)	Only one authentic record
[illegible]	[illegible] (Common Bluebill)	Breeds [illegible] in Prairie District
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Clangula Clangula	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Harelda hyemalis	Corveen	Only one record a young fall bird
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Oidemia Deglandi	White-winged Scoter	" " " "
Erismatura Jamaicensis	Ruddy Duck	" " Prairie District

A SONG

By Thomas Gray.

Thyrsis, when he left me, swore
Ere the spring he would return.
Ah! what means yon violet flower!
And the bud that decks the thorn!
'Twas the nightingale that sung!
'Twas the lark that upward sprung!

Idle notes! untimely green!
Why this unavailing haste?
Western gales and sky serene
Prove not always winter past.
Cease, my doubts, my fears to move,
Spare the honor of my love.

MODERN WIZARDS

BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

THIS modern day in which we have our existence, is often charged with the crime of being wholly prosaic as well as exclusively practical. Romance and adventure have no part in it, the indictment runs. The race of adventurers, whether gentleman-adventurers, pirates, soldier of fortune or common highwaymen, diminishes to the vanishing point. The ancient incentives to daring, to combat and to risk no longer are alive to incite men to famous deeds and hair-raising escapades. The gleam has vanished. Earth is grey.

Up in Western Canada, where but yesterday we were wont to look as to an unmapped wild—where men who "dream beyond the skyline," might take canoe and lose themselves in an unknown west—the old romance is dead. This is the age of steel; and to-day Canada is building more miles of railway, per capita, than any country on earth. Our men of brain and force are not leading little fleets into unknown seas and battling for new empires. They are reading type-written documents at mahogany desks in tall office buildings. Verily an age of prose

Nevertheless, the least imaginative of us all resents in his heart the literal indictment and from knowledge or experience draws exceptions. There is romance, if wonder be romantic, in this present time. There are heroes, if workers of wonders be heroes, in this present generation.

Utilitarian and even sordid the average life of business may be, but the intellectual life of this young twentieth century appeals to the fancy in ten thousand ways. The almost yearly revelations made by science, the practical changes which applied science works in every day existence, fairly startle the imagination. The imagination, in truth, cannot cope with the facts of science. Imagination never could conceive them, is staggered by them.

If Edison is a wizard, the modern "captain of industry" is a wonder. His performances are immense; his feats, prodigious. From a swivel chair he directs operations over half a continent, and the adventures of his emissaries in executing his commands, whether in exploration or construction are as stirring as those of the buccaneer who harried the Spanish Main, or of the English clerks who conquered India.

There are still extant a few specimens of the professional adventurer, such as the hunters of big game in the African bush, the Alpine climbers and the would-be discoverers of the North Pole. But the engineers rival them. The engineers, the men who build the railroads, carry their surveys into the far corners of the earth, meet dangers, conquer hardships and solve all manner of difficult and new problems. The engineers, those who fling across a thousand miles of wilderness a way of steel, who surmount unmapped mountains with their grades and erect new cities on new seas—they are the modern Drakes and Frobishers, the twentieth century Clives and Hastings, the maker of empire, the pioneers.

Marvelous as are their feats of construction in the well-settled countries of Europe and America, it is the new lands where they must push through rough and virgin regions, must search well nigh impassible mountains, and traverse desert spaces, that test the

VICE PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

engineers to the uttermost, that exercise their fullest powers of endurance and ingenuity, while subjecting their lives to hazard of accident and danger

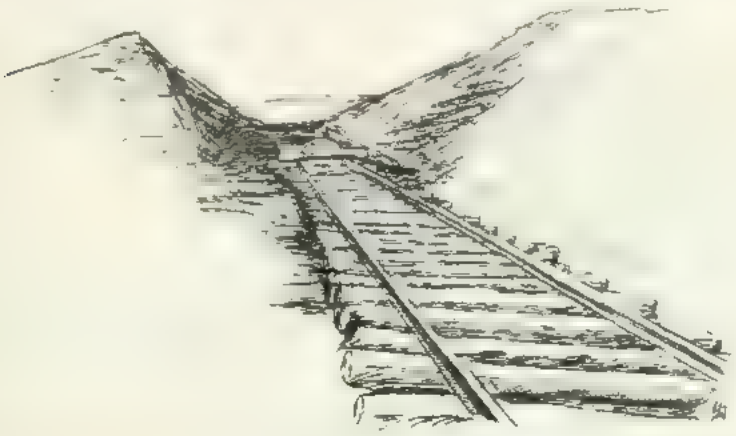
Canada's vast dominion within the last few years has furnished the happy hunting ground of the construction engineer. This wide and sparsely settled country whole population has touched the six million mark only within the last year, has been constructing railroads with a rapidity that is truly marvellous. When the Confederation of the Dominion was established in 1867, there were l[illegible] than three thousand miles of [illegible] in the entire country. To-day the[illegible] are over twenty-one thousand miles a great proportion of which has been laid in the last ten years

Within this same period Canadian development along all lines has been marked by prodigious activity. The "National" policy of Sir John A. MacDonald has resulted in a harvest of patriotism and has created a sense of national individuality and independence. Loyal and progressive Canadians now feel that Canada is fated to work out her own salvation, without regard to reciprocity with the United States; and they are bending every energy to develop her resources and to open to settlement her enormous tracts of untouched agricultural lands. For the development of the resources of a new country, whether they be agricultural or mineral, transportation is the prime requisite; therefore the activity in building of railroads by our aroused

and ambitious neighbour

The Canadian people are small in numbers—only 6,442 581—but they possess a country larger than the United States and Alaska as their heritage Their numbers, limited though they be, are imbued with an ambition proportionate to the extent of their territory and the richness of its resources. Especially in the west is rife among the sparse population a spirit which fears nothing which hopes all things, and which has resolutely determined to accomplish the self appointed task, the subjugation of the prairies and the mountains and the forests. Here in the newest land lands to encourage the extension of the railroad service of the country They now realize that the development of an empire of magnificent distances like Canada waits upon the railroads. The adoption of this "National" policy has resulted in an era of railroad growth that is astounding in the swiftness of its energy

The first of the western roads, the Canadian Pacific set the pace by getting itself finished in 1886 five years from time the undertaking was commenced, and in half the time allowed under the contract with the Government Its principal rival on the prairies, the



CANADA IS BUILDING MORE MILES OF RAILWAY PER CAPITA THAN ANY OTHER COUNTRY ON THE GLOBE

on the continent are to be found men of stout heart and of imaginative brain, the adventurers of business life. Foremost among them are the builders of railroads

These men of foresight who are putting their brains and money into widespread railroad construction, are encouraged by the aid of the Dominion government. At a time not many years back the people at large, that is the people of the east—the west did not count in those days—felt that the building of a railroad across the continent was folly, and Sir John A. MacDonald and his party lost office because of their grants to the Canadian Pacific. But the people soon became convinced of their own mistake and today they applaud the use of public funds and

Canadian Northern, has followed suit by extending at the rate of a mile a day throughout the last eleven years. That is the sort of enterprise that is giving Canada more railroad mileage per capita than any other country on the globe. In our own United States, which has something of a reputation for enterprise, 5874 miles of new road were added to our total mileage of 222,282 during last year, an increase of 2 56% whereas in Canada the total mileage of 21,553 was increased by 1492 miles or 6.9%. Regard these figures in relation to population and they appear more striking. Mexico's population of 13,607,819, more than twice as great as [illegible] Canada; but Mexico laid in 1907 only 306 miles of railroad or one mile [illegible] 38,418 persons; the United States

18 persons of her Canada, how- only 6,442,581 inhabitants a railroad mile for every

tremendous achievement an enormous expenditure of or, of materials and of money, the t involving the importation of capital upon a great scale. It is said that eighty per cent of the capital that is pouring into Canada comes from the United states, and hence it is one great interest to Americans to be acquainted with what is being done in every particular affecting Canadian development Ever f the bulk of American capital be d in lands and industries, and

not ls the lands and industries al ely connected with railroa t interest Americans as much as it does Canadians

Naturally the greater part of the railroad building has occurred in the west, where there is still an empire of untouched land to be reclaimed; yet the east has not been neglected. The Canadian Pacific is the only finished transcontinental line; but the Canadian Northern is not content to be confined to the prairies and through its affiliated companies in Ontario and Quebec it is building, stretching its steel armor to touch tidewater on the Atlantic coasts, where in Nova Scotia it already operates its lines. While the newest of them all, the National Transcontinental, the Grand Trunk Pacific, is in process of construction straight across the continent, both in the east and in the west, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The following table shows the building that was done during the last year, 1907

NAME OF RAILROAD	
[illegible]	17
Canadian Northern..	210 20
Canadian Pacific	570 00
Central Ontario	12 50
Grand Trunk Pacific, National Transcontinental.	367 00
Great Northern ...	20 25
International Timber Co B C	4 00
Kettle River Valley, B. C....	20 00
Napierville Junction.....	1 25
Niagara, St Catherines & Toronto.....	11 00
Oxford Mountain.	3 00
Quebec & Lake St. John.	15 50
Quebec Montreal & Southern..	1 50
Temiskaming & Northern Ont-	5 00
Vancouver Victoria & Eastern	18 00
Total.	1475 37

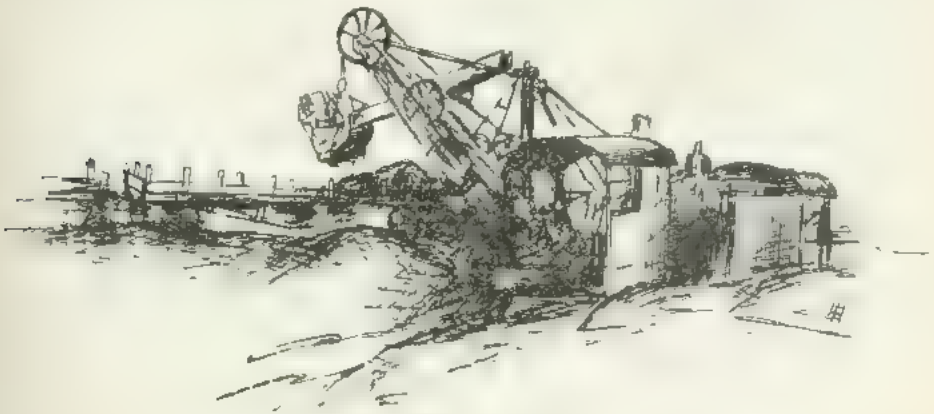
In addition to the total mileage completed there were at the end of the year about three thousand miles under construction, half of the work being in the hands of the new transcontinental line, the Grand Trunk Pacific.

As the table shows, the Canadian Pacific led in the amount of construction work finished. As its trunk line was already complete across the continent, the new lines laid were branches, feeders for its main line from which they branch all along the rockies to Quebec. Under the direction of Will

iam Whyte, constructive genius, one of the makers of Western Canada, over half of the entire work of the Canadian Pacific was done in the prairie provinces Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The longest stretch of continuous new line, the Pheasant Hills'branch through Saskatoon is interesting because it heads towards the passes of the mountains beyond. It is hardly probable that this magnificent corporation will allow its rivals to hold an advantage in bidding for the northern business; therefore, it would surprise no one if this present feeder for the main line became in time part of a second transcontinental line with an outlet at a northern British Columbian port, which like Prince Rupert would be nearer to the Asiatic market than is the harbor of Vancouver.

Prince Rupert, on the coast of British Columbia, about five hundred miles north of Vancouver, and fifty miles south of the southern extremity of Alaska. Three thousand miles away to the east, at Moncton on the Atlantic is the eastern terminus of the same road To the north and to the south of this long main line there are to extend branches which will transform the youngster among railroads into a mammoth

Altogether 7900 miles of construction have been authorized for the Grand Trunk Pacific, and this vast undertaking is presided over by Charles Melville Hays, who demonstrated his ability by organizing the old Grand Trunk. The eastern section is being built by the Dominion government to lease to the Grand Trunk Pacific while the western



THE STEAM SHOVELS CAN BITE INTO THE LOAM

This matter of shorter routes to foreign ports is growingly a "live issue" with the Canadian Railroad men. Indeed, it is engaging the attention of business men of all kinds, especially in the west. The route of the new Grand Trunk Pacific, the greatest railroad enterprise on the continent today, was determined partly by the wish to pass through the heart of the agricultural country which is continually spreading northward, and partly by the fact that a northern port would be nearer the Oriental markets than a southern one and thus possess an advantage as a terminus

The company is building a new town,

part from Winnipeg to the coast is being built by the company itself with government aid in the way of lands and by guarantees for its bonds The first sod was turned in 1905 and since then most of the work has been done west of Lake Superior in an effort to get a share in carrying the grain crops, of that region which are over-taxing the older roads. During 1907, while only fifty miles were built out of Quebec, two hundred and fifty miles were laid w ward from Portage la Prairie By another harvest season this road will be carrying grain from Edmonton, eight-hundred miles northwest of Winnipeg to Lake Superior.

[illegible]

[illegible] their share of the moving of the crops For that [illegible] building on its [illegible] Brandon [illegible] giving them [illegible] lands [illegible] Sask-[illegible]

[illegible] but less immediate has never been lost sight of, however. The engineers are still conspiring to reduce the distance to the ultimate goals, the foreign markets. In their surveys Liverpool and Shanghai are in their minds eye The Hudson Bay [illegible] is still the dream as it has been for many years in the country of the Canadian West

Some men [illegible] started toward the realization of their dream by taking out charters for lines to the Bay, but the single project of the half dozen charters which has proceeded farther than the charter stage, is that of the Canadian Northern This company graded ninety miles from its Prince Albert branch at Etoimami northeast to the Pas in the spring of 1907, and, when work ceased in the summer, the owners of the rival charters rejoiced. But their joy was short-lived, the guiding spirits

of the Canadian Northern, Wm. MacKenzie and D. D. Mann "never let go" and in the early winter track-laying crews were put on the new work, and now the rails are down far as the Pas preparatory to pushing on to Fort Churchill. If the owners of the other charters wish to enter the race to Hudson Bay, they must arouse themselves, and speedily.

The Canadian West, however, is so new that there has been comparatively little extremity of emulation as yet in railroad building. Progress in track laying has not been marked by the scrambles and scuffles and even pitched battles that have marred the history of railroad growth in the United States. The vast extension has been peaceful. The battles incident to it have been waged against nature and the conquests made have been of mountain, river, plain and forest. The story of it is romance, the very stupendousness of the work stirring the blood. Each road has had and still has plenty of elbow room, to be sure; but the immensity of the country is such that the gigantic difficulties thereby presented of themselves effect the imagination, as the means and methods whereby they are overcome excite the wonder.

In the east along the river St. Lawrence the difficulties of construction are not great, but the contractors have had trouble in getting enough labor for the work. They have been obliged to import men from the far corners of the world. Among these latter were one hundred and fifty Scotchmen, fresh from their native Highlands, thirty-one MacLeods, nineteen MacDonalds, ten MacKenzies, besides MacMillans, Mc Whinnies, MacGillivrays, MacDiarmids and MacMurdos. Two hundred years ago a regiment of Highlanders was disbanded at Quebec and their descendants have become entirely French Canadian. There are now MacPhersons, MacNabs and MacDonalds along the banks of the St. Lawrence who do not know a word of English, so completely have they been absorbed into the body of the French Canadians. Does a similar destiny of absorption await these Highland laborers who are today busily grading roadbeds and laying rails in the same country which their ancestral cousins won from the French in battle, only to be themselves conquered in peace?

As we follow the new lines westward the troubles of the engineers multiply. The wild and rugged Highlands of Ontario present a real barrier, not because they rear themselves so high as to require unusual engineering science in the construction of railroad grades, but because they are so rocky, desolate and extensive. The population is infinitesimal, so that the whole supply for the gangs, as well as every ounce of material, must be brought from the east or the west. The work in this region proceeds slowly, inasmuch as it is largely through the rocks, requiring the boring of many small tunnels and the making of many fills between the ridges It is work that does not call for great genius on the part of the superintending engineers, but it does take time and patient labor, involving constant solving of problems and exercise of good judgment, in order to keep the expense within bounds

In the wildest part of this section of the Grand Trunk Pacific very little work has been done beyond determining the route to be followed, but along the western edge, between Winnipeg and Lake Superior, the shock of blasting has rippled the surface of innumerable lakes and the ring of the axes cutting ties has rung through the forest all the last year. It is a beautiful region, this western part of Ontario a network of lakes and streams bordered by picturesque rocks or magnificent forest

The contractors between whom the section has been divided, have taken advantage of the waterways in organizing their work. A regular boat service, steamboats, barges, row boats and birch bark canoes, run on the lakes and rivers, bringing in provision and materials, carrying dispatches and even assisting in the regular construction work. On Canyon Lake, long, narrow, with rocky walls, a boiler has been mounted on a barge and is moved along the shore to whatever point it is needed

for operating the steam drills. Here the road runs along the shore of the Lake and there is an immense amount of rock work, including two tunnels. A little fleet of boats move materials and equipment easily and quickly, a great improvement over the method of dragging stuff upon the rocky surface of the land. When it is finished this secton in New Ontario will be one of the scenic features of the transcontinental trip on the Grand Trunk Pacific.

Going westward still farther, there are no rocks and hills to be overcome. It is distance, just huge, almost immeasurable distance that confronts and defies the road builder. Nature here is upon a grand scale, mile upon mile of unbroken prairie, then mile upon mile of park-like country, then a river that requires a bridge two thousand feet long to span it. In this central part of the country, which stretches nine hundred miles from the east to west, the labor-saving machines are particularly useful. There are no mountains or rock, and the steam shovels can bite into the loam and clay of the prairie soil unhindered.

Bridge building is very important in this land of large rivers. Strangely enough the most of it is done in winter. In that northern latitude the builder can be sure of solid ice for several months, and it is much more economical to haul the materials on the ice than by boat in summer. A temporary tramway can be laid on the ice and the little cars of gravel and concrete run out to the point where the piers are to stand. About each pier a casing is constructed which is kept warm with steam from the power house on the shore. After the concrete is laid, water is run in to keep out the frost. During the past winter the Canadian Northern has taken advantage of the cold months to build two large bridges, one over the Rainy River at Fort Frances on the new direct line from Winnipeg to Duluth, one over the North Saskatchewan at Prince Albert where a short line is to extend to Battleford.

Lastly there are the mountains, the rugged backbone of the continent. Here are the problems that test the genius of the engineer. At present there is no active construction work going on in the Rockies, but the trail of the locating engineer is over all their peaks and valleys from the Kicking Horse, where the Canadian Pacific main line crosses the divide, to Peace River Pass, five hundred miles northward.

For three years engineers for the Grand Trunk Pacific explored the passes before the company decided upon the Yellowhead, which affords their line the lowest possible grade between the prairies and the Pacific. If these men could be induced to write the story of their adventures in that unknown land, most of which had never felt the impress of a white foot, what a 'thriller' it would be! The schoolboy would be smuggling the book up to bed with him unable to resist the fascination of this very modern tale of strange and wild adventure

These engineers and the prospectors and timber cruisers, who followed them found wide valleys of agricultural land, where wheat will be growing in four or five years, mile upon mile of valuable timber lands and rich minerals. In a sheltered nook in the Rockies were discovered the last of the Iroquois, a remnant of that once powerful nation which had been driven hither and yon across the continent and finally had sought refuge in the fastnesses of those hills, vanishing until now from the knowledge of the white man. They live today the primitive Indian life, unenlightened and uncorrupted by the customs of civilization.

This it is, the railroad engineer encounters the perilous, the wild, the rich opportunity, even while he is bent upon taming the wilderness and fettering its freedom in bonds of steel. The great country of the north is giving him employment in ever increasing quantities and is set upon using more and more of his kind, until the day comes when the whole Dominion is girdroned with the steel. In that day a thick population will fill the prairies and be busy in the mountains, and Canada shall feed the British Empire with her wheat and house it with her lumber

HOW GOD MADE TEMAGAMI

BY CY WARMAN

Author of "Stories of the Frontier," etc

"DO you know why and how Gitch Manitou, made Temagami?" asked old Meniseno, pushing the tobacco down into his pipe and glancing out over the limpid lake, where a white launch was threading its way through the maze of islands.

"You remember Meniseno, of course, father of Weiga, of Temagami-old Meniseno who went mad and battled with a bull moose and was broken! Well, this was the same, but before this fight with the moose."

Nobody knew why or how God made Temagami and when we all said so, old Meniseno settled back against one of the huge columns that carries its share of the roof of Temagami Inn and made it all clear to us. It is a stupid Indian, if he has passed the half century mark, who cannot tell you how Gitch Manitou, or Wes-a-ka-chack, made all things

"There is nothing remarkable about the fact that Gitch Manitou made Temagami," said Meniseno, by way of preface, "but it is remarkable that so great a thing could be so simply done."

Here he paused to collect his thoughts, and blew smoke above his hatless head. He put his gnarled hand upon the head of Woodgi, the landlord's little dog, and gazed wistfully out over the water, while out of the nestling islands a bark canoe came slowly, driven by his daughter, Weiga of Temagami.

"You must remember," Meniseno said, "that all this beautiful wilderness was once a bleak, barren waterless waste. All the way from the big sea water to the salt sea, which is far to the north, there was only wind swept sand,

"Now, when Gitch Manitou saw this, he said, 'This is not good,' and he caused countless springs of water to well up from the sapless sands. He drew his fingers across the face of the earth and furrowed out rivers that run down to the sea, and yet so great was the desert thus reclaimed that he saw the need of more water. It is easier to trail over the open face of a lake in winter than to thread the forests, and it is infinitely easier to paddle in summer than to walk, so Gitch Manitou concluded to make Temagami."

By this time we were eager to learn just how it was done, but Meniseno was in no hurry, and removed his pipe and almost smiled as the little bark canoe poked her brow upon the shivering shore and Weiga walked up the bank, bringing with her the White Lady from Bear island, whom the old man named Kesis, because Kesis is Ojibway for sunshine. So, according to Meniseno, she was the sunshine of the island.

When the people had nodded and passed, Kesis taking the Indian girl up to her own room, the old Indian went on

"If you were to take a dipper full of molten silver and spill it upon the sandy shore down by the water edge, it would splash and sprawl and sprangle and then lie quite still. Well, that is just the way our God made Temagami. He reached over into the deep sea, scooped up a handful of water, and spilled it here on what was then a sandy waste. The water fell heavily. Here

and there it drove deep into the sand, and when Gitch Manitou looked down he saw this wonderful lake with its numerous inlets and outlets, and he called it Temagami, which means, as you all know, 'deep water.'"

The simple childlike faith of the aged Indian was beautiful to behold, and his face told us that he would not hesitate to follow his God to the end of the earth, and beyond.

A white sail glistened among the evergreen isles, and the white launch loafed in the offing. Some boys were diving from a huge rock that raised its granite head out of the crystal water, while down on the little wharf big fish floundered and glad children romped and played upon the shingled shore. The little dog rubbed up against the old man's knee and peered up the furrowed face, but the soul of Meniseno had gone with Gitch. He was musing upon the history of it all. Presently he said:

"Because of the water the grass and flowers and the forest came. Because of the good God of the red men the bear, the beaver, the moose, and the red deer came, and what had been a desert waste became a beautiful world. Yes," he went on with a trace of enthusiasm, "Gitch Manitou made all this—all this entrancing Temagami with its one thousand four hundred islands and three thousand miles of shore line."

The summer winds came sighing through the cedars, humming in the hemlocks, lifted the iron gray tresses of the old Indian, and puffed the perfume of the pipes through the wide veranda and then drifted out over the clear water to where the white sail shimmered in the sun and the white launch was now cutting figure eights among the islands.

Presently Meniseno was moved and went on, telling us in detail how each isle and mount was made. "Old Nokomus," said he, "climbed upon the hill behind us here (it was a mountain then, when first splashed up by the spilling water), and lost her footing. She sat down and began to slide. She dug her heels into the earth, but she was unable to stop until she reached the foot of the mountain, and when she did stop she had pushed a great mass of earth and stone far into the lake, which it now called 'Old Woman Island' because an old woman put it there."

At this point some one suggested that these were fish stories. "I do not understand," said the Indian, looking from one to another of the guests. "Fish stories!" the man explained.

"No—that was before the white man, when everything was true and honest; when we cached only against the wild cat and wolf. Have you seen the grave on Bear Island," he continued excitedly, "the one marked with a black stone?"

Nobody had seen it, and Meniseno continued: "Well, that is the grave of the first white man who dipped a paddle in Temagami. He met a great chief of the Algonquins and asked him for powder. The Algonquin passed his horn over and as the canoes rocked side by side the white man let the horn fall into the deep water 'Excuse me,' he said, and dived down to fetch up the horn. When the Algonquin had waited maybe two or three minutes he looked over the side and saw the white man standing there on the sandy bottom of the lake coolly pouring the powder out of the Indian's horn into his own.

"Now the Algonquin had never seen a thing like that done by one man to another. He saw that this stranger was thoroughly bad, so he sat back in his boat and waited, and when the white man came up struck him with his paddle, and because of all this there is the grave on one side of the graveyard, marked with a black stone.

"That," said Meniseno, significantly "is the way of the white man."

"And is that true, too?" asked the young man who had interrupted the story teller.

"Well," he answered, and there was the faintest hint of a smile around his eyes, "maybe so; that was after the white man. The rest is true about

the lake and the islands."

"And how did he make cobalt, this Gitch God of yours?" asked the skeptic.

"Just as he made all else, out of anything, out of nothing."

And the old Indian, stretching out his arm, closed his fist on a handful of Temagami air and then opened it as if to show us the nothingness of nothing, out of which his Gitch made things.

"Ah," said Meniseno, "the white man is wondrous wise, yet he knows so little that the ancient children of Gitch could teach him. Of course, you must know that there was nothing bad in the days when only the red men roamed these wilds. The world was wondrous fair. The stars were more brilliant, the moonlight clearer, the sunshine brighter, and the sky was a deep blue. Why, Gitch Manitou used to gather stray sunbeams and weave them into cloth of gold. He had only to put forth his hand, skim the moonlight from the lake, squeeze it dry, and it was solid silver. And yet, you, O white man, make empty talk and laugh at the God of the Red Men, who was ever wise and good. You mock me, an old man, and ask, expecting no answer, how Gitch Manitou made this and that. I need not answer, but I will. He made the forests and streams and the fishes, whose fins be gilded with the gold of the sun. He dipped the wild rose into the liquid glory that floods the west when the day is dying. He brought the blue from the burnished sky, swept the silver from the shimmering lakes, mixed it with a million sunbeams, and scattered it broadcast over all the earth, and there is your silver, your cobalt and gold for which the white man will burrow and battle, and fight and die, and die laughing at Gitch Manitou, the mighty who made it all."

The old Indian pulled hard at his pipe, forgetting that the fire was out, and when Weiga, his daughter, came down he rose and, without a parting gesture, strode away into the forest, followed by the comely Indian maiden who cooked his meals.

HEIGHO, THE WIND AND THE WEATHER!

By Sara Hamilton Birchall.

Heigho, the wind and weather!
Heigho, the fragrant heather!
Blue o' sky and blue o' sea,
Heigho, but it's lonely weather!

Heigho, the wind and the weather!
Heigho, the rosy heather!
There's a lass that waits for me.
Heigho, lass, it's golden weather!

STRIPY

BY FRANCIS DICKIE

FAR out in western prairies, where the earth is honeycombed with gopher holes, a wise old mother was refurnishing her nest in readiness for the expected coming of a little family.

The hole was a long one with several blind passages and many upward and downward turns, for the incoming civilization had taught the wise little mother much. Drowning out was a favorite sport; therefore the many turns.

Spring was just losing her last tinge of modesty and blooming out into bright real summer. The yearly arrival of little naked bodies was just at hand and the mother was busy.

A week had passed and the dear, little, soft, fussy, sightless objects rolled senselessly on the soft bed of long dry grass. But young gophers, like nearly all wild animals, are fast growers and in five or six weeks they were after more exciting adventure than rolling on the floor of their darksome home.

So the wise little mother waddled to the top of the hole and after a careful survey brought them to the surface by a sharp squeak which they perfectly understood. The little inmates were not backward and were seen lolling on the sand warmed by the light of the sun.

The brood was small, just three in number, two males and a female. The two former were common every day gophers but the third, a long squat animal, gave signs of more than ordinary cunning.

The stay above earth was short, for the cautious mother, even if the view was unobstructed and no foe in sight, deemed it wise to seek shelter in the friendly bosom of mother earth, the truest friend of all gophers.

An hour later, a tall lanky boy passed and looked at the hole. He was a good huntsman and although he had seen no animals around the hole, the fresh tracks and also some inner prompting led him to set a steel trap at its mouth.

A wise head, however, was pitted against the carelessly set trap and when the shadows of evening had come he returned to find it over-turned, snapped and clogged with dirt.

Another week flew swiftly by and the little family were fat, nondescript gophers.

One day as they reclined in various attitudes close to the mouth of the hole a figure was seen rapidly advancing across the grassy plain.

Like a flash the four brown bodies vanished but not before a quick eye had sighted them. The boy trapper of the previous week had returned. uncoiling a smooth string about two feet long he stretched a loop-shaped end over the mouth of the hole and then retired a short distance holding one of the ends of the string.

The little mother cautiously went forward and, shortly after, summoned the three youngsters to within about a foot of the mouth of the hole where a widening allowed them to stand abreast. Then their mother pointed out to them the grey loop, explaining in the language of the gophers that this was one of their most deadly dangers.

With gophers as well as with men there are some who must learn by experience, but the former seldom live long enough to use their knowledge. At any rate the largest of the young gophers went into the passage. In his head was a determined idea to see and know more of this mysterious cord. It was whitish and scarcely larger than some of last

year's grass; surely a thing like this could not be so terrible. So he walked boldly forth. The tip of his head had hardly passed the top of the hole when he felt a fearful yank, a tightening sensation at the back of his fore legs and with a terrified squeak was tossed with considerable force on the grassy sward. He lay trembling a few seconds seeing a mountainous thing holding the other end of the cord. Suddenly the boy gripped the string, the little body whirled in the air and then with a dull thud struck the earth. A few spasmodic kicks and he lay dead on the prairie.

The boy cooly slipped off the noose and dropped him in a bag along with others; he did not hunt to kill only. Then turning on his heel he strode swiftly away.

Days passed and the remaining two waxed fat. The little female was beginning to learn much already. The snare had been pointed out to her and the vacancy in the family was sufficient reminder of its deadliness.

Another day as the three were basking at the surface a form again appeared. It was not necessary for the young gophers to be warned this time and they vanished in a minute followed more slowly by their mother. The hunter was the identical boy who on a previous day had snared their brother. This time he had no snare but carried a bunch of steel traps one of which he skilfully set and then passed on. This time the mother was too late, for the other brother forgetting her many warnings had rushed forward to see if the man had gone and a minute later he was in the jaws of a number O steel trap. The others came to the top of the hole and seeing all clear tried to comfort the captive, but the appearance of a form on the horizon sent them flying to safety.

Now there was but two left, the mother and her daughter.

June, July and August had passed, the golden grain stood in the sheaf and all nature was busy. Stripy the younger, had left her mother and dug a hole for herself. To-day she was running in and out with her huge cheek pouches full of grain from a neighboring wheat field.

The little store house to the left of the sleeping room was rapidly filling with grain, seeds and some buds besides a large store of half dried grass.

All through the long summer Stripy had been extremely happy. Traps and snares she had escaped and the great hawks and wily crows had seldom got within swooping distance of her.

The dark hole she had dug was a source of great satisfaction to her, for it was exceedingly long and roomy with innumerable twists and turns. At the very bottom, at least twelve feet below the surface, (an uncommon distance for gophers) was a large chamber lined with long dry grass and the down of the wild cotton plant. This was the living room and it was extremely comfortable. It was, now, late in October and for two or three days she had not been out but to-day she determined to go. It was one of those warm days that come now and then before earth dons her winter garb.

Emerging, Stripy took a sharp run across the level brown prairie and then turned and ran back. It was a glorious day, she thought, but after running about she felt hungry and started nosing around for something edible; this was not forthcoming; the prairie was void and bare, so she turned and entered her hole.

It was growing dark when a hungry weasel came upon her home and straightway entered.

In a moment his sharp inquisitive nose was thrust in the doorway and with a bound he was upon her, but she struggled gamely for life. At last he got his grip upon her throat and in a moment all was over.

An hour later in the ghostly light a weasel, his blood lust appeased, emerged and disappeared in the darkness.

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

THOSE SPRING BONNETS

NO ROOM FOR ANYTHING ELSE.

"LAURA," growled the husband, "what have you taken all my clothes out of this closet for?"

"Now there's no use in your making any fuss about it, George," said his wife with a note of defiance in her voice. "I just had to have some place where I could hang my new spring hat."

XERXES

XERXES now and then drank xeres
Mounted oft his xanthis throne,
Salied in xebecs, fished for xiphus
Played in xysts his xylophone—
But he
Never
Wrote it
Xmas.

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

"MY dad kin lick your dad," said the dirty faced boy.

"I don't know whether he kin or not, said the new boy on the other side of the back yard fence, "but I'll bet my ma kin outtalk your'n."

MASCULINE EXAGGERATION.

MRS. Quimby—"Archibald, do you know anything about these people who are moving in next door?"

Mr. Quimby—"All I know about them is that they are people of some consequence. Two men have just carried in the madam's spring hat."

NO LIE, EITHER.

MRS. McSwat—"Billiger how did you like the decorations at the church this morning?"

Mr. McSwat—"All the decorations I could see, Lobelia, were worn by the young lady in front of me. I liked the grand sweep of the brim, the floral display, and the general arrangement of the ribbons, but I thought the dead bird look out of place."

JUST SO.

MR. Hockafus — "Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me, Amanda how much dough I will have to dig up when the bill comes in for that new spring hat of yours."